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THE
OMNIPRESENCE
OF THE
DEITY.

45. 674.



MAUNDER'S SCHOOL EDITION

OF THE

OMNIPRESENCE

OF

THE DEITY;

BY

THE REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF
"LUTHER," "THE MESSIAH," "SATAN," "WOMAN,"
ETC. ETC.

Third "School Edition."



LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1845.

PREFACE.

THE Editor of this highly popular Poem cannot allow it to appear in its present form without reverting to a few particulars which may help to explain his views. It is now about fourteen years since he had the satisfaction of introducing "*The Omnipresence of the Deity, by Robert Montgomery,*" to the Public, as its original Publisher. Its extraordinary and (with few exceptions) almost unrivalled success is now a matter of literary history, and need not here be alluded to, except as a warrant for its express adaptation to scholastic use. Let it, therefore, suffice to intimate, that, notwithstanding the concussion of literary interests, the war of critical opinions, and the passion for cheap novelties in the literature of the day, THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY has maintained its ground, become a living and permanent portion of the

Poetry of Great Britain, and (it may be said without hyperbole) made the Author's name a familiar word wherever the language of England extends.

Encouraged by this decision of the national taste, the Editor obtained permission to send forth a new and improved SCHOOL EDITION, which, without the slightest deviation from the order of the Poem, or the omission of a single word, he has *arranged under distinctive heads*, thereby rendering its truly interesting contents better calculated to meet the intelligence of youthful readers. It is proper to add, that about eight years ago two editions for School circulation were published, and almost immediately sold. This fact alone ought, perhaps, to be a sufficient reason for reprinting it; but others equally cogent exist, not the least of which is *the peculiar appropriateness of this Poem for imprinting in the minds of youth the sentiments of genuine devotion, eloquently expressed, and heightened by the persuasive charms of poetical imagery and a flowing versification.*

With such recommendations, the Editor doubts not that ere long this celebrated production will become as popular among youthful readers of moral and religious poetry, as it has hitherto been among

the more mature lovers of our poetical literature. Of one thing he feels fully confident,—that sublime impressions of God, beautiful feelings for nature, and exquisite benevolence towards mankind, are nowhere more eloquently enforced than in this Poem by Robert Montgomery. And does any Parent, or pious Instructor of Youth, ever fail to teach the young heart and the unfolding mind, that *the watching eye of an omnipresent Deity is ever upon them?* Assuredly not. It is, indeed, one of the grandest lessons which Education can impart! and it would be a mere work of supererogation while offering this Edition to the notice of Conductors of respectable Scholastic Establishments, to expatiate on a theme so well appreciated by them. The Editor, however, trusts he may be allowed in this place to quote a portion of the splendid eulogy with which “the leading journal of Europe,” on the first appearance of this Poem, announced it to the Public:—

From the “TIMES” April 1, 1828.

* * * * “He has displayed a depth and maturity of thought, a strength and justness of reasoning, which would do honour to any writer of the present day. His versification combines, in no ordinary degree, energy and elegance. His figures are beautifully appropriate,—they are never introduced merely at the suggestion of fancy, but are called in to illustrate

some feeling of the mind or some affection of the heart. A glowing spirit of fervid devotion distinguishes the whole work. In every page we find

‘Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.’

“The author appears to have felt that he stood in the presence of HIM whose greatness he was celebrating; to HIM he has prayed for inspiration, and from HIM he has received. He describes with felicitous effect the presence of the Deity in all times and places—in the glare of day, and in the darkness of night; in the storms of winter, in the mild breath of spring, in the gorgeous glory of summer, and in the fruition of autumn. The all-seeing Eye is never closed; it penetrates our most secret thoughts; it views our most covert designs; it is fixed on us when we are born; it marks us during youth, manhood, and old age—and when the death-bed scene arrives, it is still fixed on us. The author has inculcated this principle with a force and vigour worthy of the theme: he calls on his fellow-men, eloquently and affectionately, never to let the fact escape their memory, that the Deity is ever present; and he argues that where such feeling exists it must check the growth of evil, counteract the tendency of human nature to vice, and extend the empire of virtue. A purer body of ethics we have never read; and he who could peruse it without emotion, clothed as it is in the graceful garb of poetry, must have a very cold and insensible heart.”

Thus encouraged, the Author lost no opportunity of improving his Poem wherever it appeared capable of improvement; in doing which he made some important additions. Towards the close of Part I, the lines alluding to the “Glorious Light of the Gospel,” and in Part II, the “Arctic Tra-

veller," and the "Triumphs of Christian Missions," are new insertions; while nearly the whole of the stanzas at the end of Part II, on the "Final Doom," are re-written.

We will here append a few of the Author's prefatory observations to a former Edition, as at once illustrative of his own views, and in every respect appropriate to the Work.

"A love for the ideal is enthroned in every reflective mind; and though there may be periods, when a perception of the beautiful and the unseen appears to slumber or be palled,—this earthly dimness which overclouds the bright instincts of the soul, soon passes away. All that concentrates itself round the thought of man's eternity may be referred, more or less, to a passion for the ideal; and religion, while eminently practical in its lofty influence, is ever attracting our spirit to contemplate that paradise which blooms in the regions of hereafter. What is there noble in the records of mind, to which the ideal is entirely unrelated? — The crown which the eyes of the martyr miniaturized as he closed them in flames; the divine imitation which Meekness and Righteousness picture before them in the war of life; the grand discoveries which

the prophetic dreams of Science anticipate when she contemplates the worlds of air, or fastens her gaze on the wonders of earth ; and, finally, that faultless model which Genius ever images, in her toils and pains,—all these, in a great degree, arise from that dominion which the ideal exercises over mankind. To assert, therefore, that this no longer exists, libels the character of the human soul.

“ Now, it is the privilege of poetry to adumbrate in language that glory, loveliness, and sublimity, which the creative eye of imagination beholds. The living and the actual are neither perverted nor forgotten ; and while the truth and sternness, the passions, principles, and working-day realities of life are described with severe fidelity, the yearnings of the soul for perfection, and its deep sense of the infinite and the immortal—may be interpreted and described. The ideal and the actual thus move hand in hand along the page of poesy, each lending the other its native influence ; as light and shadow over a landscape contribute a divided charm, and blend with the beauty of the whole.

“ To the minds of those who think the art of converting pence into pounds the noblest object of human pursuit,—observations on the benign influ-

ence of poetry will sound like the mere prattle of puerile enthusiasm. And yet, though it may harmonize with the doctrines of a utilitarian to decry poetry, and to shed the mildew of his irony over every work which attempts to reveal it,—he is as tasteless as he is unphilosophical ; and, while professing to triumph over the dreams of sentimentalism, proves himself to be the wildest of all visionaries ; for is he not so who thinks and writes as though “ profit and loss ” were the be-all and the end-all of man’s existence ; and considers him only as a creature for time, while the instincts of eternity already throb in his bosom ?—Now, next to the renovating power of religion, true poetry confronts this worldly epicureanism with a sacred defiance ; and, viewing man in his twofold responsibility, for time and for eternity, appeals to him with a voice that is echoed from the depths of his intellectual being.

“ Lord Bacon has defined poetry to be ‘ feigned history ; ’ thereby showing what may be termed the spiritual REALITY of the poetical ideal. Fallen from its first estate, and sullied though it be, the soul yet retains some lineaments of the divine impress ; and when the beautiful and good are presented for its approval, they are at once recognised as pertaining

to those primeval attractions which God intended to form its chief delight.

“ If it were not so, what has made the visions of Milton immortal?—It is the antetype which they have found in imaginative souls, that accounts for their immortality. Divinity moves within and around us, and over the chaos of our troubled minds there often broods the breath of the Almighty.—And as the earth, though the living bloom of Eden no longer arrays its surface, to the gaze of true sentiment presents dream-like traces of a paradise no more;—so, to the eye of poetical truth, does the soul reveal faint but sublime reflections of the original brightness it had, when man walked with God, and conversed with angels, without fear.

“ With reference to sacred poetry, as the author has been favoured with much critical admonition, it will be but courteous in him to offer a few unimportant but candid remarks in return.

“ Encouraged by the popularity of his first work, the author presumed to proceed in the composition of some kindred poems; intended to embody and portray whatever was allied to the imaginative in natural and revealed religion. But, in the mean-

time, there rushed forth a wild flood of what was called 'Religious poetry;' the consequence might easily be anticipated; a tempest of severe criticism arose, and the tocsin of 'cant' rang loudly in the ears of the public. But the storm has long subsided: and those bubbles which rise from time to time in the stream of periodical criticism, have broken, burst, and died. Far be it, therefore, from the author to interfere with the privileges of oblivion, or revive for a moment that which has long since been forgotten. Still, he may be allowed, perhaps, without the slightest acerbity, to protest against certain doctrines which reviewers then uttered. It is quite right to lash what is arrogant, profane, or cantingly absurd; and good taste will discriminate between him whose devout song arises from an adoring heart, and one who struts into the Holy of Holies, and shouts an *Eureka!* over the ark of divine mystery. But there is a vast difference between correct taste and false censure; and if, on the one hand, a perversion of sacred poetry has disgusted our feelings, the dogmas of opinionated criticism, on the other, have equally offended a sound judgment.*

* The assault made by the *Edinburgh Review* on "The Omnipresence" is no longer in the remotest degree applicable; inasmuch as EVERY SINGLE PASSAGE, WITHOUT A SOLI-

“The appreciation of fame is laudable under certain moral limitations ; but our *motives* of action should ascend to a far higher source.—And, would that a deeper view of what forms the true greatness and glory of the mind more thoroughly pervaded our literature ! How much that is low would then be exalted, how much that is servile made free, and, where now envy and malice strut their miserable hour, how soon would magnanimity and genius, hand in hand, complete their bright career ! But in the war of emulation the noble aims of mental exertion soon evaporate ; the noise, and not the power, of reputation alone is prized ; and under a mania for literary prominence on the public stage, ambition darkens into envy, and disappointment is soured into rivalrous contempt.

“Yet may the eye of the contemplatist repose on a more attractive scene ; and behold in the varied ranks of learning, science, and taste, men who stand apart from the arrogant littleness around them,—

TARY EXCEPTION, WHICH THAT REVIEW CENSURED, HAS BEEN REVISED AND CORRECTED. As this acrimonious article, however, has been reprinted in a volume, with other criticisms by the same hand, perhaps, it would be but common justice due to Mr. Montgomery, if his opponent were to state this when he republishes his “Critical Essays.”—EDITOR.

silently building their monument of fame; and from time to time sending forth streams of thought that refresh and invigorate the world of truth. And yet to those who estimate fame by the talk of the tongue, rather than by the homage of the mind, the works of such men seem to languish in unappreciated excellence; but it is far otherwise: the noble thought, the wise reflection, or the beautiful idea, each has its hour and scene of influence; though often, like a trackless angel on some errand of love,—acting silent, secret, and unobserved.

“ Let it never be forgotten, that as good and evil are the two antagonistic influences at war in the world, so every writer, whatever his intellectual rank, ranges himself on one side or other:—it is a glorious reflection that he co-operates, however humbly, with the former; and infinitely awful to be found, however triumphantly, with the latter !

“ When the paleness of death was on him, and his hand shook with almost its last tremor, Coleridge wrote, as it were, under the very gaze of the Almighty,—‘ It is the most ennobling of all privileges to be a Christian.’—With meek but fervent sincerity does the writer of these lines echo the seu-

timent of that eloquent man ; and if, in the seclusion of his after life, he may venture to think he has brightened a mental dream, or afforded a ray of pure enjoyment, it will form one of the few pleasures which time cannot wither nor destroy."

PART I.

“Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?—If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.”

PSALM CXXXIX. 7—10.

“Thou sole Transcendency! and deep Abyss
From whence the universe of life was drawn,
Unutter'd is Thy nature;—to Thyself alone
The fathom'd, proved, and comprehended God!”

SATAN, Book ii.

THE
OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

PART I.

**Invocation of the Deity, as the Great Creator
of the Universe.**

THOU UNCREATE, UNSEEN, and UNDEFINED,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind ;
Pervading SPIRIT, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,
Imagination cannot paint that spot
Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not !

Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born Earth,
Or young Creation revell'd in its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurl'd,
And out of darkness drew the breathing World.

Primeval Power ! before Thy thunder rang,
And Nature from eternity outsprang !
Ere matter form'd at Thy creative tone,
Thou wert ; Almighty, Endless, and Alone :
In Thine own essence, all that was to be,
Sublime, unfathomable Deity :
Thou said'st—and lo ! a universe was born,
And Light flash'd from Thee, for her birth-day morn !

Vision of the Creation.

The Earth unshrouded all her beauty now ;
The kingly mountain bared his awful brow,
Flowers, fruits, and trees felt instantaneous life,
But, hark ! creation trembles with the strife
Of roaring waves in wild commotion hurl'd,—
'Tis ocean winding round the rocking world !

And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad earth,
The universal Sun burst into birth,
And dash'd from off his altitude sublime
The first dread ray that mark'd commencing time !
Last came the moon upon the wings of light,
And sat in glory on the throne of night,
While, young and fresh, a radiant host of stars
Wheel'd round the heavens upon their burning cars.

But all was dismal as a world of dead,
Till the great Deep her living swarms outspread :
Forth from her teeming bosom, sudden came
Uncounted monsters,—mighty, without name ;
Then, thick as dews upon a twilight green,
Earth's living creatures rose upon the scene.

Creation's master-piece ! a breath of God,
Ray of His glory, quicken'd at His nod,
Immortal man came next, divinely grand,
Glorious and perfect from his Maker's hand ;
Last, softly beautiful as music's close,
Angelic woman into being rose !

And now, the gorgeous universe was rife,
Full, fair, and glowing with created life ;
And when th' Eternal, from his starry height,
Beheld the young world basking in his light,
And breathing incense of deep gratitude,
He bless'd it,—for his mercy made it good.

And thus, THOU wert, and art, the FOUNTAIN SOUL,
And countless worlds around Thee live and roll ;
In sun and shade, in ocean and in air
Diffused, yet undiminish'd—everywhere :
All life and motion from Thy source began,
From worlds to atoms, Angels down to Man.

God's Omnipresence.

Lord of all being! where can Fancy fly,
To what far realms, unmeasur'd by Thine eye?
Where can we hide beneath Thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st Thou not, the boundless, viewless
One?

Shall Guilt couch down within the cavern's gloom,
And quiv'ring, groaning, meditate her doom?
Or scale the mountains, where the whirlwinds rest,
And in the night-blast cool her fiery breast?
Within the cavern-gloom Thine eye can see,
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to Thee!
Thy Spirit rides upon the thunder-storms,
Dark'ning the skies into terrific forms!
Beams in the lightning, rocks upon the seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze;
In calm and storm, in Heaven and Earth Thou art,
Trace but Thy works—they bring Thee to the heart!

The fulness of Thy presence who can see?
Man cannot live, great God! and look on Thee;
Around thy form the quenchless lightnings glow,—
Thy voice appals the shudd'ring world below.

Oh! Egypt felt Thee, when, by signs unscared,
To mock Thy might the rebel monarch dared:

Thou look'dst—and Ocean sever'd at the glance !
Undaunted, still the charioteers advance ;
Thou look'dst again—she clash'd her howling waves,
And roar'd in stormy triumph o'er their graves !

On Sinai's mountain, when Thy glory came
In rolls of thunder and in clouds of flame ;
There, while volcanic smoke Thy throne o'ercastr,
And the mount shrunk beneath the trumpet-blast,
How did Thy symbol blind all Israel's eye !
How dreadful were the gleams of Deity !

**All Nature attests the Presence and Power of
the Almighty Architect.**

There is a voiceless eloquence on Earth,
Telling of Him who gave her wonders birth ;
And long may I remain th' adoring child
Of Nature's majesty, sublime or wild ;
Hill, flood, and forest, mountain, rock, and sea,
All take their terrors, or their charms from Thee,
From Thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world—a universal Soul.

But who could trace Thine unrestricted course,
Though Fancy followed with immortal force ?

There's not a blossom fondled by the breeze,
There's not a fruit that beautifies the trees,
There's not a particle in sea or air
But Nature owns Thy plastic influence there !
With gaze devout still be it mine to see
How all is fill'd and vivified by Thee ;
On the vast scene of earth's majestic view
To paint Thy glories, and to feel them too.

Ye giant winds ! that from your gloomy sleep
Rise in your wrath, and revel on the deep ;
Lightnings ! that are the mystic gleams of God,
That glanced when on the sacred mount he trod ;
And ye, black thunders ! that begird His form,
Pealing your loud hosannahs o'er the storm !
Around me rally in concenter'd might,
And strike my being with a dread delight ;
Sublimely musing, let me pause and see,
And pour my awe-struck soul, O God ! to Thee.

**Description of a Thunder-Storm on Land, and
of an Ocean-Tempest.**

A thunder-storm !—the eloquence of heaven,
When the thick clouds, like airy walls, are riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt omnipotence around him thrown ?

With what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears !
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of a thunder-storm !

Oh ! now to be alone, on some vast height,
Where heaven's black curtains terrify the sight,
And watch the clouds together meet and clash,
While fierce-wing'd lightnings from their conflict
flash ;
To see the caverns of the sky disclose
The buried flames that in their wombs repose,
And mark the lurid meteors fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies,—
How quakes the spirit while the echoes roll,
And God, in thunder, speaks from pole to
pole !

And thou, weird Ocean ! on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace,
By breezes lull'd, or by the storm-blasts driven,
Thy tow'ring waves uplift the mind to heaven.

Tremendous art thou ! in thy tempest-ire,
When the mad surges to the clouds respire,
And like new Apennines from out the sea
Thy waves march on in mountain majesty.—
Oh ! never can the dark-souled ATHEIST stand,
And watch the breakers boiling on the strand,
Nor feel RELIGION from the sea arise,
And preach to conscience what his WILL denies ;
His heart is wiser than his head would be,
And awe instinctive tells, O God, of Thee !
He hears Him in the wind-heav'd ocean's roar,
Hurling her billowy crags upon the shore ;
He hears Him in the horror of the blast,
And shakes while rush the raving whirlwinds past !

But not alone, when waves and whirlwinds rise,
And wing their voices through the startled skies ;
Not in the storm, the thunder, or the sea,
Alone, we feel thy dread UBIQUITY :
In calmer scenes, and the unruffled hour,
Our still'd hearts own Thine omnipresent power.

**The Beauties of Nature displayed in the Calm
which succeeds a Storm.**

List ! now the cradled winds have hush'd their roar,
And infant waves curl gamb'ling to the shore,

While Nature seems to wake up fresh and clear
As Hope emerging from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the verdure lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take our pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely
change !

First comes the sun, unveiling half its face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with a slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky :
Next, breezes murmur with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, like orphans of the storm ;
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake ;
And thus the Tempest dies : and soft, and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill :
And now, while bloom and breeze their charms
unite,
And all is glowing with a rich delight,
God ! who can tread upon the breathing ground,
Nor feel Thee present, where Thy smiles abound !

Ebening.

When Day hath glided to his rosy bower,
And twilight comes—the Poet's witching hour,—
And dream-like language from the soft-toned wind
With pensive cadence charms the list'ning mind,
Then nature's beauty, clothed with dewy light,
Melts on the heart like music through the night.

And not in vain, voluptuous eventide,
Thy dappled clouds along th' horizon glide,
For oh ! while heaven and earth grow dumb with
bliss

In homage to an hour divine as this,
How sweet, upon yon mountain's azure brow,
While ruddy sun-beams gild the crags below,
To stand, and mark, with meditative view,
Where the far ocean faints in hazy blue,
While on the bosom of the midway deep
The emerald waves in dimpling splendour leap,
Here, as we view the gorgeous Priest of time,
Wrapp'd in a shroud of glory, sink sublime,
Thoughts of ethereal beauty spring to birth,
And waft the soul beyond the dreams of earth !

**A Morning in Spring; with an Apostrophe to
Mountain Scenery.**

And who hath gazed upon the bright-wing'd Morn,
Breezy and fresh, from out the ocean born;
Her rich-wove cloud-wreaths, and the rainbow hues
From heaven reflected on creation's views;
Or mark'd the wonders of a day depart,
Nor felt a heaven-caught influence at his heart?
Through all the seasons' varying course of love,
Who hath not traced the Spirit from above?
The howl of Winter in the leafless wood,
The ice-bound torrent, and the whelming flood,
Or Summer's flush, or Autumn, robed in grey,
Whirling the red leaves round her bleak-worn way,—
All tell one tale of Heaven. But thou, young
Spring!

Glad as the wild bee on his glossy wing,
Bedeck'd with bloom, and breathing life around,
Within thy breast elysian charms abound.

The mercy-fountains of Divinity
Now stream through all, with vigour full and free;
As if unloosen'd from their living source,
To carry with them spring's creative force!
The sky is garlanded with waves of blue,
Like ocean dawning on the distant view;

The sun lies mirror'd on the radiant streams,
The sea-waves gambol in his noontide beams,
The boughs hang glitt'ring in their locks of green,
And airy poets carol to the scene ;
While sea, and sky, and land, and fragrant Earth,
With her rich promise budding into birth,
Seem, like a heart o'erfill'd with sacred love,
Glowing with gratitude to Him above !—

Terrific giants that o'erlook the sea !
Enormous masses of sublimity !
Ye mountain piles ! Earth's monuments to Heaven—
Around whose brows the reeling storms are driven—
Whether in climes where 'bove the ice-chain'd deep
Ye rise in piles magnificently steep,
Or where in living bloom your bosoms swell,
And fierce and far the headlong torrents yell,—
Where snow-drifts whiten, or where sunbeams warm,
Your brows are girdled with almighty charm !

**Plous Feelings awakened by a View of the
Setting Sun ;**

WITH REFLECTIONS ON AN AUGUST RUIN.

When drops the sun in yonder western deep,
The waves unruffled, and the winds asleep ;

And isles of beauty float the brilliant sky,
While Fancy muses with enamour'd eye ;
Then comes the hour to commune with the sight,
Where the wild mountain rears its massy height.
There, as we gaze, gigantic thoughts begin
To stir th' immortal spark that burns within ;
Till Wonder starts with a bewild'ring fear,
As if the shadow of our God were near !

And where, beneath the stern decree of time,
Columns and temples sink in age sublime ;
Where by the ruin'd battlements are heard
The wailing sorrows of some midnight bird ;
While low winds mutter through the roofless halls,
And ivy-boughs bend weeping o'er the walls ;
Imagination loves to stand and dream,
And mark the ruin in the moonlight gleam,
Till summon'd Ages startle from their sleep,
And plaintive Mem'ry turns aside to weep !—
Or view, when sunset drinks the forest-breeze,
Where some grey abbey glimmers through the trees,
And on the turrets evening's pallid rays
Gleam like the glory of departed days,
How soon the cloister'd stillness of the spot*
Brings heaven around us,—till the world's forgot ;

* In Mr. Charles Butler's *Life of De Rancé*, there is a passage which may be quoted as illustrative of that feeling of

While Retrospection draws the moral sigh,
And dreams embodied move before her eye.

The Convalescent.

Great Architect of worlds ! whose forming power
Presided o'er creation's natal hour,
Stamp'd man Thy miniature, and bade him run
A race of glory, till his goal be won ;
When wan Disease exhales her with'ring breath,
And dims his beauty with the damp of death ;
At some still hour the holy sigh will swell,
The gushing tear of gratitude will tell
That Thou art by, to temper and to tame
The trembling anguish of the fever'd frame.

But oh ! when heal'd by love and heaven, we rise,
With radiant cheek, and re-illumin'd eyes,

awe inspired by a venerable ruin. Speaking of the Abbey de la Trappe, he writes—" All travellers who have given a description of it agree that the monastery and its environs present a scene which even the strongest mind cannot view without a sentiment of awe. At a small distance from the monastery, a dark forest encircles it on every side ; and eleven lakes, the water of which is always of a dismal hue, and always stagnant, form round it, in two circles, a double moat. The solemn stillness of the scenery completes its horror."

Bright as a new-born sun, all nature beams,
And through the spirit darts immortal dreams.
Now for the bracing hills, and healthful plains,
And pensive ramble when the noontide wanes ;
Now for the walk beside some haunted wood,
And fancy-music of a distant flood ;
While far and wide, the wand'ring eye surveys,
And the heart pants to pour away its praise !

Contemplation of the Heavens by Moonlight.

But, turn from earth to yonder glorious sky,
Th' imagin'd dwelling-place of Deity.
Ye quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright,
Ye radiant watchers of reposing night,
While half the world is lapp'd in blissful dreams
And round the lattice creep your fairy beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies !

And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with a moon-lit hour,
And feels from heaven a sympathetic power !

See ! not a cloud careers yon pathless deep
Of molten azure,—mute as lovely sleep ;
Full in her pallid light the Moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides ;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Wear the rich garment of her silver beam.
The lull'd Winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy prelude rolls upon the waves ;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored
The night-felt presence of creation's Lord ?

And now while through the ocean-mantling
haze

A dizzy chain of yellow lustre plays,
And glimm'ring loveliness hath veil'd the land,
Go, stranger, muse thou by the wave-worn strand :
Cent'ries have glided o'er the balanced earth,
Myriads have bless'd, and myriads curs'd their
birth ;

Still beauteously you starry watchers glare,
Unsullied as the God who throned them there !
Though moral earthquakes heave th' astounded
world,

And king and kingdom from their pride are hurl'd,
Intensely calm, they hold their bright career,
Unheedful of the storms and changes here :—

We want no hymn to hear, nor pomp to see,
For all around is *felt* divinity !
The wing'd heart flutters to ascend above
To HIM whose nature and whose name are
Love.—

And if rever'd ones, from their hallowed sphere,
May witness warm Affection's faithful tear,
At this deep hour they hear the mourner's sigh,
And waft a blessing from their homes on high.

**Every Clime and every Condition of Man are
Objects of God's Care.**

Stupendous God ! how shrinks our bounded
sense

To track the triumphs of Omnipotence ;
From sky-clad mountain, to the deepest den,
From the mean insects, to immortal men ;
Bless'd with Thy brightest smile, dare we confine
Paternal Providence, supreme as thine ?
Far as the fancy flies, or life-stream flows,
From Georgia's desert to the Greenland snows,
Where space exists, Thine eyes of mercy see,—
Creation lives, and moves, and breathes *in Thee !*

Unseen, but felt, Thine interfused control
Works in each atom, and pervades the whole ;
Expands the blossom, and erects the tree, *
Conducts each vapour, and commands each sea ;
The Laws of Nature Thy decree fulfil,
And all her powers but personate Thy will.

E'en now, while tragic Midnight walks the land,
And spreads the wings of darkness with her wand,
What scenes are witness'd by Thy watchful eye !
What millions waft to Thee the prayer and sigh !
Some gaily vanish to an unfear'd grave,
Fleet as the sun-flash o'er a summer wave ;
Some wear out life in smiles, and some in tears,
Some dare with hope, while others droop with
fears ;

The vagrant's roaming in his tatter'd vest,
The babe is sleeping on its mother's breast ;
The captive mutt'ring o'er his rust-worn chain,
The widow weeping for her lord again,
While many a mourner shuts his languid eye,
To dream of heaven, and view it ere he die ;
And yet, no sigh can swell, no tear-drop fall,
But thou wilt see, and guide, and solace all !

* "Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees—
Lives through all life—extends through all extent—
Spreads undivided—operates unspent."—POPE.

**The Religion of Nature not to be compared with
Divine Truth.**

And thus, a Preacher of eternal might,
Sublime in darkness, or superb in light,
In each wild change of glory, gloom, and storm,
The starry magic, and the mountain form,
Art thou, dread Universe of love and power !
But higher still the Muse's wing may tower,
And track the myst'ry of Almighty ways,
Through paths that glitter with the solemn rays
The awful noon of revelation shed
From Calv'ry,—when the God Incarnate bled.

For what is Nature,* though religion seems
To lend a tone to all her winds and streams ;

* In reference to the boasted, but unreal, connexion between certain facts of physical science, and the truths of God's moral government, Dr. Chalmers ably and eloquently observes :—
“ It is all true that this is a very enlightened age ; but on what field has it acquired so flattering a distinction ? On the field of experiment. The human mind owes all its progress to the confinement of its efforts within the safe and certain limits of observation, and to the severe restraints which it has imposed upon its speculative tendencies. Go beyond these limits, and the human mind has not advanced a single inch by its own independent exercises. All the philosophy which has been reared by the labour of successive ages, is the philosophy of facts, reduced to general laws, or brought under a general de-

To whisper, God ! when night and darkness creep
Round the dim trances of creation's sleep ;
To teach a prayer when twilight hush descends,
And the mute bough in adoration bends ;
Or bid the woods a leafy anthem raise
When the rich verdure shines with emerald rays :

scription, from observed points of resemblance." * * * *
"Tell us a single discovery which has thrown a particle of light on the details of the Divine administration,—tell us a single truth in the whole field of experimental science, which can bring us to the moral government of the Almighty by any other road than his own Revelation. Astronomy has taken millions of suns and systems within its ample domain ; but the *ways of God to man* stand at a distance as inaccessible as ever ; nor has it shed so much as a glimmering over the counsels of that mighty and invisible Being, who sits in high authority over all worlds. The boasted discoveries of modern science are all confined to that field within which the senses of man can expatiate,—they all serve to exalt the Deity, but they do not contribute a single iota to the explanation of His purposes,—they make Him greater, but they do not make him more comprehensible. He is more shrouded in mystery than ever. It is not Himself whom we see, but His workmanship ; and every new addition to its grandeur or variety, which philosophy opens to our contemplation, throws our understanding at a greater distance than before from the mind and conception of the sublime Architect,—every new triumph, which the mind of man achieves in the field of discovery, binds us more firmly to our Bible ; and, by the very proportion in which philosophy multiplies the wonders of God, do we prize that book, on which the evidence of history has stamped the character of his authentic communication."

Or spring, the Angel of the seasons, pours
A tide of beauty round exulting shores :
Say, what is meant?—a soft mysterious glow,
A breath too pure to live on earth below,
An evanescent luxury of thought,
Cull'd from the feast imagination brought,—
But, frail and feeble, as the charm that dies,
When the dead waken upon mem'ry's eyes.*

When lived the age, or where the clime so rude,
What island nurs'd in billowy solitude,
Where dreams of God were never known to shine
Round a dark soul, with imagery divine ?
The heathen through his cloud of error saw,
A faint reflection of celestial Law ;
E'en the grim savage, when his eye commands
A broad extent of green-apparel'd lands,

* The sum is, that Divine truths are not immediate objects of the understanding ; for then we should be able to have a full idea, knowledge, or apprehension of them. But they are mediately so by communication, and what therefore we can have no apprehension or notion of, but as they are communicated or represented to us. It is this gives act to that capacity of the mind, which was only potential before ; for as objects are visible to the natural eye, but not without the interposition of light, *so neither are heavenly objects to the intellect, but by the intervention of some agent, which can be only God.*—(Ellis on Knowledge of Divine Things, p. 130.)

Or views the tempest wave his cloudy wing
In sultry darkness o'er the world of spring,
Can hail the image of some dreamt Unknown,—
A sceptred BEING on his boundless throne.
Then boast not thou, whose eye alone can see
In nature's glass reflected Deity ;
From whence does moral elevation flow,
What pang is mute, what balm prepared for wo,
Though ocean, mountain, sky, and air impress
Full on the soul—a felt Almightyness ?
Can ocean teach magnificence of mind ?
Is truth made vocal by the deep-voiced wind ?
Can flowers their bloom of innocence impart,
Or tempt one weed of vileness from the heart ?
Can thy benevolence, all bounteous Sun,
Thou burning shadow of the brightest ONE !
Array our souls with emulative beam,
Like thine, to glad life's universal stream ?
From yon pale stars does purity descend,
And their chaste beauty with our spirit blend ?—
Alas ! oh, God ! if thou *alone* art found
When most creation with thy smile is crown'd ;
Rather in blindness let this outward eye
Be dead to nature, than Thy throne deny,
Rais'd on the pillars of Redemption's might,
And dazzling angels with too deep a light !

**The Glories of Nature immeasurably heightened
by the glorious Light of the Gospel.**

There is a **PRESENCE** spiritually vast
Around Thy church, arisen Saviour! cast ;
A holy **Effluence**, an unspoken Awe,
A sanctity which carnal eye ne'er saw,
A pure, impalpable, almighty sense
Of peace, by reconciled Omnipotence,
That hallows, haunts, and makes a Christian mind
Rich in all grace, celestially refined :
Mere Nature's worshippers can never feel
The fulness of that high seraphic zeal
Which veileth all things with religious light,
And works unwearied in Jehovah's sight :
Thought, dream, and action,—ev'ry pulse of soul
The awe of Christ will solemnly control ;
Girt by **THE SPIRIT**, wheresoe'er we rove,
True Faith is feeding on His word of love.
Nature is now a more than nature far ;
Each miracle of sun, or moon, or star,
Each sight, and sense, and sound of outward
things
Seems haunted by august imaginings ;
A dream of Calvary around her floats,
And oft the dew of those delicious notes

By angels once in Bethlehem's valley pour'd
Descends, with all their melody restored,
Till—peace on earth! to pardon'd man—good
will!
With tones of heaven the ear of fancy fill.

PART II.

OF finer mould, and far sublimer view,
Whate'er his lot ; on Fortune's envied mount
High-thron'd, or lost in the secluded vales
Of lowliness, is he whose hopes are built
In Heaven :——

Not all the pomp and pageantry of worlds
Reflect such glory on the Eye Supreme,
As the meek virtue of one holy man !—
For even doth his angel from the face
Divine, beatitude and wisdom draw.

SATAN, Book ii.

THE
OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

PART II.

**Consolation derived from God's Paternal Care,
particularly in Scenes of Woe.**

ALONG the barren world as doom'd we roam
By devious paths to one perennial home,
In tears or smiles we own the o'erruling Hand
That beckons on to that celestial Land,
Where, harbour'd all, life's billows sink away,
And the bright spirits bask in heaven's immortal
ray.

And happy thou! through all the change of time,
Whom sorrow cannot burden with a crime ;
Whose joyless heart and never-lighten'd care
Can nobly scorn the refuge of despair.

Like ocean's wand'rer guided by his star,
Thy heaven-taught spirit looks to him afar.

Say, ye whose hearts unburden'd can enjoy
The bliss of life, without the world's alloy ;
What can illume their melancholy way,
Where Want begins, and Mis'ry crowns the day ?
When bow'd by woe, and bleach'd by with'ring age,
Alone the mourner treads the world's cold stage ;
His fortune wreck'd, his friends beneath the sod,
Where shall he fly, but to the arms of God ?
Blest be yon viewless Spirit thron'd on high,
No heart 's too wretched to attract His eye ;
No lot too lowly to engage his love,
And win the smile of mercy from above !
He gazes on the sleepless couch of wo,
And bids the dying light of hope to glow,
Unarms the peril, heals the wounded mind,
And charms each feeling home, to fate resign'd.

**Description of a Street Wanderer, and of an
Exiled Captive.**

At wintry eve, when savage night-winds blow,
Pierce his cold cheek, and drift his locks of snow,
As oft the vagrant shivers through the street,
No voice to pity, and no hand to greet,

With many a pause he marks that window-pane,
Whose flick'ring blaze recalls his home again !
The friend and face, the music and the mirth,
And social magic of his evening hearth,
Awaked by mem'ry, warm his widow'd heart,
Till real woes in fancied bliss depart ;
And one by one, as happier days appear,
To each he pays the homage of a tear ;
Though homeless, still he love's home's joyous
glare,
Looks up to heaven, and feels *his* home is there !

Within a dungeon, mildew'd by the night,
Barr'd from salubrious air and cheering light,
Lo ! the pale captive pines in hostile lands,
Chain'd to his doom by adamantine bands.
Oh ! how he pants to face the fresh-wing'd breeze,
And hear the voices of the summer trees :
To breathe, and live, and move, and be as free
As nature is, and man was made to be !
And when at night, upon his flinty bed,
Silent and sad, he lays his grief-worn head,
There as the dungeon-bell, with dismal sound,
Tolls midnight through the sleeping air around,
Remembrance wafts him to paternal climes,
And frames a fairy world of happier times.

The woodland haunts around his native scene,
The village dance upon the festive green,
His sloping garden where he lov'd to ply,
And smiled as peeping flower-buds hail'd his eye,
His beauteous partner and her blue-eyed boy,
Who prattled, played, and fed his soul with joy,—
By thought created, crowd around his heart,
And force the pangs of fond regret to start ;
Each soft delusion claims a parent sigh,
Each dream of happiness bedims his eye ;
Till warm'd by Heaven, his home-wed bosom
glows
With hopes that triumph o'er remember'd woes ;
And far away the chainless spirit flies,
To vision'd realms of rest beyond the skies.

The Battle-Field.

Spirit of Light and Life ! when Battle rears
His fiery brow amid terrific spears ;
When murd'rous cannons to the clouds uproar,
And gasping hosts sleep shrouded in their gore,
E'en then, th' intrepid heart that nobly glows
To face the fury of invading foes,
May look to Thee for mercy and for power,
To brave the peril of the carnage hour ;

Or, doom'd to fall amid the furious din,
While battle storms without, may find a peace
within.

List ! war-peals thunder on the battle-field ;
And many a hand grasps firm the glitt'ring shield,
As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat the stormy drum !

And now are seen the youthful and the grey,
With bosoms burning to partake the fray :
The first, with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed ;
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on !
But, see that scar-worn man, who looks on high
With musing valour mirror'd in his eye ;
Not all the bleeding revels of the day
Can fright the vision of his home away ;
The home of love, and its attractive smiles,
His wife's endearment, and his baby's wiles :—
Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating, or with sword remiss ?
Ah no ! remember'd home's the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword, and vigour to his arm ;
For this he supplicates the God afar,
Fronts the steel'd foe, and mingles in the war.

The cannon's hush'd!—nor drum nor clarion
sound ;
Helmet and hauberk mingle on the ground ;
Horseman and horse lie weltering in their gore ;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more ;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain !

And see ! where swift the banner'd coursers past,
A battle-steed beneath his rider cast ;
Oh ! never more he'll rear with fierce delight,
Roll his large eyes, and rally for the fight ;
Pale on his bleeding corse a warrior lies,
While from the ruffled lids his white-swell'd eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies !

But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping and the slain ?
Angel of Mercy ! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc Thou art hov'ring nigh,
To calm each groan, and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no
more.

A Storm and Shipwreck.

And on Thy deep, the girdle of the world,
When the fierce hurricanoes have unfurl'd
Their thousand wings, to battle and to rave,
Sweep down the rock and scourge the yelling wave;
When skies in tempest-agonies outgroan,
And the mad elements seem left alone!
Lord of the Storm! oh, thou art present there,
In the loud thunder, and the lightning-glare;
And from the rollings of unfathom'd sea
A mariner's last sigh ascends to Thee.

Lo! to the yellow beach a maiden hies,
Love at her heart, and sorrow in her eyes.
Warm down her cheek impassion'd drops of woe,
Through fearful omens, for her lover flow:
Oh, will he far by faithless ocean borne,
Dream of his lonely maid who lives to mourn?
Will he, whene'er by palmy streams he roams,
Muse on their twilight walks and woodbine
homes,
And that first spring, when in the cowslip dale
She blush'd an answer to his wooing tale?

The beach is won; before her writhes a sea,
In all its dim and dread immensity!

Wide o'er the wave a wistful glance she throws,
Till the fond lover smiles away her woes ;
Voiceless awhile he clasps his dark-eyed maid,
Then looks the promise love has often said ;
But, ere his vessel, in the horizon's blue
Veil'd by the mist, hath vanished from her view,
Sweet mourner ! heaven-ward hope uplifts her mind
To Him who wings the storm, and walks the wind !

Thrice has the sun upon his green-wave bed,
'Mid rosy clouds, his vesper radiance shed ;
And thrice the moon from out the ocean rose,
Like pale-eyed beauty waking from repose ;
While rock'd beneath, the melancholy wave
Sang like a mermaid o'er the seaman's grave.

The morn is up : and in her mellow ray
Millions of youthful billows pant and play ;
Greeting the stately vessels as they glide
In sail-wing'd triumph o'er the breezy tide.

But, lo ! around the marsh'lling clouds unite,
Like thick battalions halting for the fight ;
The sun retires, and rending whirlwinds sweep
Fierce through the air, and flutter on the deep,
Forth from their caverns rush the fatal blasts,
Tear the loose sails, and split the creaking masts,

And the lash'd billows, rolling in a train,
Rear their white heads, and race along the main !

And, see ! hurl'd backward from a hidden rock,
A shatter'd vessel reeling with the shock,
Like one appall'd by an unearthly sight,
Who stands, and shivers with convulsive fright :
There, in a den of waves, she heaves awhile,
Till on her deck the howling surges pile ;
Then struggling sinks beneath the water's leap,
Like a huge monster wrestling with the deep !

Borne like a sunbeam on the bounding waves,
Behold a mariner the tempest braves !
Home, life, and love, and near-imagin'd death,
Nerve the stout limb, and lengthen out his breath :
A rock is reach'd, dash'd on a wave-worn peak
Lies the wreck'd sailor, shiv'ring, wan, and weak ;
With livid face, and looks of ghastly dread,
And locks, like sea-weeds streaming from his head ;
Unmoved his lips, but with his upturn'd eyes,
He shadows forth a Saviour in the skies ;
Visions a viewless temple in the air,
Feels God around ; and silence is his prayer !

The Murderer.

Can Guilt, though hidden from the gaze of
earth,
Fly from His view, who gave all being birth ?
From her first shadow on the yielding soul,
To the dark hour when all her terrors roll,
His sleepless eye detects each buried plan,
And bares the bosom secret of the man.
Yes ! oft he locks the weapon in his hand,
And makes the murd'rer for his capture stand ;
Or, when the flood of years has roll'd away
The darksome horrors of the blood-curs'd day,
His vengeance frowns upon the felon's sleep,
Forcing his haggard eye to wake and weep !

Upon the midnight heath, where fierce winds
growl,
Like famish'd wolves careering as they howl,
While cloudy billows darkly swell and rise
As if an ocean brooded in the skies,
Aghast and quaking, see the murd'rer stand !
Shrink from himself, and clench his crimson hand ;
Unearthly terrors freeze his shudd'ring frame,
While conscience writhes upon the rack of shame :
Beneath him gasps the victim of his deed,
In that faint struggle ere the spirit's freed ;

One piteous gaze—his languid eyelids close,
And life and torture sink to dead repose.

Why stands the murd'rer fetter'd to the spot,
Life, fame, and judgment in his guilt forgot?—
Chain'd by his crime, he cannot—dare not fly,
A Spirit seems to grasp him from the sky!
And though no human eye the murder sees,
A curse from heaven comes mutter'd in each breeze

Though Crime entomb herself within the heart,
And veil her anguish with dissembling art;
Though 'mid the glare of day, and dazzling strife
That flashes o'er the shadowy stream of life,
She move as merry as the morning air,
Unmarr'd by grief, unsorrow'd by a care,—
Darkness shall bear the burden of her sin,
And fan the hell of thought that flames within!

At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on the brooding air that sleeps around;
When all the drossy feelings of the day,
Touch'd by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,
Unhallow'd Guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal;
A sense unutt'able within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole:

On ev'ry limb shall creeping terror come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb ;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And Fancy flutter round the gulph of Hell !

Darkness : its varied Influence depicted.

Not so comes darkness to the good man's breast,
When night brings on the lulling hour of rest ;
Tired of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed ;
His spirit bosom'd on the God of All.
Peace to the hour ! whate'er the night befall :
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart ;
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles,
Next busy manhood battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run o'er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears !
Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose.

Yes ! in the dark, Imagination seems
Girt with a shadowy brood of awful dreams,

That round her in appalling visions fly,
Dread as the phantoms on a thunder sky ;
And Guilt starts back, by gloomy horror driven,—
But Virtue braves them with a smile from Heaven !

'Tis night : and mutt'ring comes the winter
wind,
While cloud-battalions slowly march behind ;
Alone the way-worn pilgrim winds his track,
His wallet resting on his weary back ;
Though dark the path, and dreary grows the night,
And not a heaven-lamp yields its holy light,
Firm o'er the starless wild he moves his way,
For He pervades the night, who form'd the day !
Thus on he roams beneath the brooding sky,
Till, lo ! a lattice twinkles on his eye,
And merrily from out his woodland dome,
His babes bound forth, and hail the wand'rer
home.

When conscience darts her stings into the mind,
And heart-broke folly turns to look behind,
Then, righteous Heaven ! without Thy hopeful ray,
What fell despair would lower on our way !
Where should we light the burden of our woes ?
How should we lull our anguish to repose ?

Oh ! when the rebel heart has ceas'd to roam,
And yearns o'er visions of forsaken home,
Thy love will hail the chasten'd wand'rer there,
And hush to peace the tempest of despair.

The Penitent.

And not more beautiful beneath the ray
Of risen morn, night-shades dissolve away,
And the unmantled world, embathed in light,
Awakes in orient glory, clear and bright,
Than do the sinful mists that shroud the soul
Melt off beneath religion's mild control,
Till the full impress of the God appears,
Made pure and perfect by repentant tears.
Now, day by day, celestial feelings rise
Fresh from the heart, and reach th' immortal skies :
Now comes the hour, when rambling all unseen,
Except by stars, upon the dusky green ;
When winds are voiceless, and the breezes still,
Save truant ones, that rove some wooded hill ;
Eternal glories dawn upon the heart,
Till tears ecstatic from the soul-fount start ;
And sorrow, bursting from Cimmerian gloom,
Darts up to heaven and triumphs o'er the tomb.

But when the erring heart at passion's shrine
Hath basely sacrificed each trait divine :
When Guilt hath stain'd it with her deepest dye,
And blood for blood is Nature's dreadful cry,
Angel of Mercy ! thine assuasive power
Alone can tame the terrors of the hour ;
Thine is the charm that bids the heart unbind,
Mount on the wings of Faith, and leave Despair
behind ;
Thine is the voice that soothes the dying breath,
And breathes a halo round the brow of death.

The Young Conbict.

And hark ! the midnight bars have ceas'd to
sound,
The dungeon guard has paced his clanking round,
And all is lone, and dismal as the deep
When weary storms sink mutt'ring into sleep ;
But one there is in yonder glim'ring cell,
Whose young heart wept, and wonder'd while it
fell ;
A wreck of crime upon his stony bed,
With eye wild-rolling and bewilder'd head :
'Tis not the chain that clinks upon his straw,
'Tis not the blow of violated law,—

But racking thoughts that rive his shudd'ring heart,
And make the fibres of his bosom start !
Yes ! they have borne him to his native streams,
Where young-eyed Fancy wove her fairy dreams ;
To each wild glade where boyhood loved to roam,
Till twilight came, and call'd the truant home :
And where is she who rock'd him to repose,
And sang, and smiled, to lull his infant woes ?
And he who greeted with paternal joy
The dawning virtues of his darling boy ?—
Afar, beneath the trampled sod they sleep,
He neither heard them sigh, nor saw them weep !—
That wasted eye and palpitating cheek,
Those wringing hands, and that delirious shriek,
Oh, these betray the burning load of pain
Remembrance piles upon his phrensied brain !
Till Faith descend upon her wings of Love,
Raise the droop'd soul, and point to realms
above ;
Then, firm his glance, hush'd every groan and cry,
And hypocrites might shake to view a felon die !

The Maniac Boy.

'Tis sad to see the eye forget its ray,
And sorrow sit where smiles were wont to play ;

'Tis sad, when youth is fresh, and fair, and
warm,
And life is fraught with every sweeter charm,
To see it close the lip, and droop the head,
Wane from the earth, and mingle with the dead ;
But, oh ! nor death nor wo can ever seem
So heart-appalling as that wild'ring dream—
That life in death—a desolated mind,
Around whose wreck the weeds of madness wind !

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's frequent view,
The village wonder, and the widow's joy,
Dwells the poor, mindless, pale-faced maniac
boy :

He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky ;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of wo
Reveal the wither'd thoughts that sleep below !
A soulless thing, a haunter of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods ;
Sometimes along the woodland's winding glade,
He starts, and smiles upon his pallid shade ;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,—
But rebel music to the ruin'd mind !
Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted strays,
Playing his fingers in the noontide rays ;

And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore ;
And oft, beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chaunts some wild and melancholy tune ;
Till o'er his soft'ning features seems to play
A flick'ring gleam of mind's recover'd sway.

Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen ;
But round him,—near him,—wheresoe'er he rove,
A shielding angel tracks him from above !
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The lonesome wand'rings of the maniac boy.

The Arctic Traveller.

But lo ! in pale sublimity of forms
The arctic billows glare like frozen storms !
For thus, in terrible array, are seen
Mountains of ice where never man hath been,
Where not a sound or motion dares advance
To violate their everlasting trance ;
Save when the riven glaciers downward crush
Themselves to water, with chaotic rush !
Or Silence trembles, like a thing aghast,
When o'er her waste the wolfish echo pass'd ;—

E'en here beneath the wings Almighty roam
The brave sea-warriors from their English home,
And find amid the wilderness of waves
An Eye that watches, and a Hand that saves.

Behold ! yon vessel with heroic prow
Through a white realm of ice advancing now,
Her cables stiffen'd into chains of frost,
And the proud bearing of her beauty lost,—
The prey of ocean, will she not descend,
Tomb'd in dead ice, with none to mark her end ?
No ! faith and valour, and inviolate hope,
With danger in its deepest midnight cope ;
And Home shall listen yet, with pausing breath,
To tales of ruin—the romance of Death ;
When frowning o'er her, like a Fiend he stood,
And mutter'd,—“ Sink in ghastly solitude !
And may the corpses of thy crew be seen
To freeze and whiten where thy sails have
been !”

Victors of Nature in her dreadest might !
Dauntless as winds that roam with free delight,
When once again the rocks of England rise
In tow'ring welcome on your dazzled eyes ;
As round the hearth young household voices ring,
Like the glad melodies of jocund spring,

What records will your laden hearts unroll!
Where is the painter on whose gorgeous soul
Visions of undepicted beauty rose,
Like them that glitter'd on irradiant snows?
Bright as the palace John of Patmos view'd,
What ice-domes flash'd in frozen solitude!
What rocks of ruby glare,* when sunset came
Full on their whiteness, like a winged flame!
And when the crimson of declining day
Lit the cold fretwork of the crystal spray,
How oft a seaman with ecstatic eyes
Drank the rich magic of celestial dies,
Blent like a rainbow's, when the waters heave
And tremble, while the braided colours weave!—
But there was beauty that outdazzled this,
Making the air one fairy-clime of bliss,
When moonlight flung a robe of silver haze
Athwart the mountains that received its rays,
Till the stain'd welkin by reflection shone,
Like floating emerald, or a verdant sun,
So brightly green, so exquisite the glow!
And then, what meteors did pale twilight throw
O'er the chill air, in wild electric play!
Sublimely fierce, or delicately gay,

* See Parry's Voyage, and others, to explain some local allusions in this polar sketch.

The borealis like a creature spread
Its length of living glory o'er their head,
And seem'd exulting with victorious light,
To mock the darkness with its radiant might.
But, oh ! the silence !—dreamlike, dim, and vast,
As though the day of awful doom had pass'd,
And earth remain'd to wither, dead and lone,
A blighted rebel, by her God unknown !—
So mute and soundless must that hour have
 been,
When gazing round on nature's ghastly scene
Of crag and ice, interminably piled,
A frozen chaos, a sepulchral wild !—
The seaman ponder'd till a thought of death
Check'd the cold murmur of his faintest breath :
Nature and God alone were reigning now :
And the high meaning of his dauntless brow
Dethron'd by awe, dissolved and waned away ;
For Silence, like a Spirit, seem'd to pray,
Till the blood listen'd in his breathless frame,
And, small and still, the voice Almighty came !

The Glorious Triumphs of Christian Missions.

Exhaustless mercy ! like that pilgrim brook,
That never once the marching hosts forsook,

When through the scorching waste of Egypt's
land,

The cloud-led Israel steer'd by God's command,—

Thy stream, along the herbless path of life,

Makes verdure smile, with bloom celestial rife :

But if there be, round whom with holier might

Dwells the deep sense of Heaven's o'er-watching
light,

Soldiers of Christ ! whose banner faith unrolls,

The true *schechinah* of protected souls

'Tis theirs to witness !—when through clime and
zone

Where the grim idol mounts Jehovah's throne,

And man, degraded as the trampled clod,

Bleeds at the shrine of some barbaric god :—

Wild as the torrent in its desperate fall,

Whom blood, nor death, nor agonies appal,

With spirit blighted, and with reason blind,—

Who can rebuild his desolated mind ?—

GO FORTH AND TEACH !—and ye have gone, and
done

Deeds that will shine, when thou art dark, O Sun !

Heroes ! whose crowns with gems of glory shine,

Dug from the depths of heaven's eternal mine :

Oh ! what a conquest hath the cross obtained !

There, where of old a hell of darkness reign'd,

And crime and havoc, fiend-begotten pair,
In mortal bosoms made their savage lair,
And issued thence, to riot, rage, or kill,
Like incarnations of a demon's will,—
The peace that passeth understanding grows,
And Earth seems born again, without her woes,
So wondrously the spell divine descends,
And man with nature in communion blends :
The isles have seen HIM ! and the deserts raise
Anthems that thrill the halls of heaven with
praise ;

Crouching and tame the tiger passions lie,
Hush'd by the gaze of God's subduing eye ;
Temples and homes of sacred truth abound,
Where Satan once with all his crew was found :
And, hark ! at sunset while the shady calm
Of forest coolness floats on wings of balm,
As roams the pilgrim in that dying glare,
From a lone hamlet winds the voice of prayer,—
Breath of the soul by Jesus taught to prize
And blend with music heard beyond the skies !—
Ecstatic thought ! the zenith of our dreams,
Error has died in Truth's victorious beams :
And where the savage round his altar fed
On the warm fragments of the limbless dead,
Cots which an English heart delights to hail
Deck the green wilds of many a foreign dale,

And, turn'd by Piety's familiar hand,
Religion sees her tear-worn Bibles stand.

THY KINGDOM COME !—prophetic voices throng
In choral harmony, and chant,—“How long,
How long, O beatific King of kings,
Till ransom'd earth with gospel music rings ?
How long the period ere that Sun arise
Which glitter'd on Isaiah's holy eyes,
And clad the cedar'd hills of Palestine
With veils of glory wove from sheen divine ?”

Oh, for that day ! beyond what poets dream,
Deck'd by Imagination's crystal beam,
When vanquish'd Sin shall leave Messiah's throne
To rise in full transcendancy alone.—
Hate, War, and Tumult, all the brood of crime,
Shall then be banish'd from the scene of time :
Evil be dead, Corruption breathe no more,
And Peace, the seraph, smile from shore to shore ;
While round her Prince sublime hosannahs
dwell,—

“Thy truth has wither'd all the thrones of Hell !
For ever and for ever live and reign,
Till earth be purified to heaven again !”

A Sabbath Morn.

Thou unimagi'd God! though every hour,
And ev'ry day, speak thy tremendous power ;
Upon the seventh, creation's work was crown'd :
Upon the seventh, ten thousand worlds wheel'd
round !

Then ever hallow'd be Thy chosen day,
Till Nature die, and Time shall roll away.

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled
prime
I've lov'd to hail thy calm-renewing time ;
Soft steal thy bells upon the tranced mind,*
In fairy cadence floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long flown away,
And pensive hopes harmonious with the day.

On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the ling'ring echo steals,

* It is pleasing to find that the most tempestuous minds can at times be tranquillized into a holy state of feeling by the simple peal of church bells. Buonaparte is recorded to have said,—“ Last Sunday evening, in the general silence of Nature, as I was walking in these grounds (of Malmaison), the sound of the church-bell of Ruel fell on my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth—I was profoundly affected. Such is the effect of early habit and associations.”

What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And, lull'd by angel-dreams, forgets its woes ;
Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels a portrait of bright heaven is there ?—
The melting stillness of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe awhile,
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral anthem pealing to the skies,
Exalt the soul to energies sublime,
And thoughts that reach beyond the realm of time !

Emblem of peace ! upon the village plain
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the toil-worn swain :
Soon as thy smiles along the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the bright'ning day ;
Humble and happy, to his lot resign'd,
He owns the inward sabbath of the mind.

And when, with low-drawn sighs of love and
fear,
His suppliant vows have woo'd Jehovah's ear,
Serene the thoughts that o'er his bosom steal,
As home he wanders for the sabbath meal :
There shall kind plenty wear her sweetest smiles :
There shall his ruddy children play their wiles ;
While the fond mother, lapp'd in wordless joy,
Fondles with frequent kiss her infant boy.

At noon, a ramble round the burial-ground,
A moral tear on some lamented mound ;
Or breezy walk along the green expanse,
Where endless verdure charms the ling'ring
glance ;
These are the wonted blessings of the day,
That all his weekly toils and woes repay :
And when the shroud of night hath veil'd the
view,
And star-gleams twinkle on the meadow dew,
Some elder boy beside his father's knee
Shall stand and read th' Eternal History ;
Or household prayer, or chanted hymn shall close
The hour that charms him to a sweet repose.

**Sacred Music : its benign Influence on the
Feelings.**

And Melody !—an echo breathed from heaven !
By her ineffable delight is given ;
Whether she melt a passion from the mind,
Or with Æolian languish lull the wind ;
Whether she madden in the mingled roar
Of Alpine billows bounding to the shore ;
Or on the elfin pinions of a breeze
Float o'er the flowers, and woo the vernal trees,—

Alike divine !—But deeper in the soul
Sinks melody's omnipotent control,
When from the fluted organ, full and deep
Billows of music through the dim aisles sweep !
Ear, eye, and heart, confess the awful spell,
While soul and being with the magic swell,
And as the spiral echoes upward wind,
Die off—and scarcely leave the man behind.

And now, while faintly-ebbing murmurs roll
Entrancing music o'er the prostrate soul,
Sublimely sad ! to linger in some aisle,
Where through emblazon'd panes a vesper smile
With pallid radiance quivers in the gloom,
Or crowns, like seraph light, the inspiring tomb :—
The thrilling echoes of sepulchral ground,
The monumental awe suffused around,
The fretted arch with its gigantic sweep,
The world's great Spirits throned in marble sleep,
Subdue each earthly passion into fear,
As though the resurrection hour drew near !

But not alone the vast and vaulted pile,
The echoing cloister, or the pillar'd aisle,
Hallow the mind : for humblest fanes impart
A holy magic to the feeling heart.

**The Village Christening: with a rapid Sketch of
Life, from Infancy to Age.**

And see! down where yon arches shed their
gloom,
And mottoes speak from many a time-worn tomb,
There, where the font uprears its marble brow,
The village sponsors breathe their sacred vow,
While timidly a mother, young and mild,
To heaven presents her dedicated child:
And oft she gazes on the sleeping boy,
Lock'd to her breast with all a mother's joy;
Fearful and fond, and twining for repose,
Like a young bud around the parent rose.

But who shall paint her meditative eye,
Her look of love and heaven-appealing sigh,
When on the cherub brow, with hope divine,
The holy preacher prints the liquid sign?
Joy, doubt, and fear, in mingled passion rise,
Gush through her heart, and glitter in her eyes.

Whene'er I gaze upon a sinless child,
Tossing its merry head of ringlets wild,
Lip, cheek, and eye, all in that lovely glow
Young spirits feel, as yet unchill'd by wo,

A voiceless wonder animates each sense,
To think how Mercy watches innocence !

Survey the scene of life : in yonder room,
Pillow'd in beauty 'mid the cradle gloom,
While o'er its features plays an angel smile,
A breathing cherub slumbers for a while :
Those budding lips, the faintly-fringed eye,
That placid cheek, and uncomplaining sigh,
The rounded limbs in soft embrace entwined,
Like flower-leaves folded from the sev'ring wind ;
All by their tender charms her babe endear,
And feed the luxury of a mother's fear.

Next, mark her infant rais'd to childhood's stage,
Bound in the bloom of that delightful age,
With heart as light as wavelets on the deep,
And eye that Wo has scarcely taught to weep !
The tip-toe gaze, the pertinacious ken,
Each rival attribute of mimic'd men,
The prompt decision, and presuming way,
Now picture forth his yet auspicious day.

Whether at noon he waft his tiny boat
By winding streams, and woody banks remote,
Or climb the meadow tree, or trail the kite,
And thinks that heaven ne'er match'd that moving
sight !

Or roam the haunted wood at dying day,
To list with spell-bound ear the cuckoo's lay,—
A Hand above o'er-rules the vent'rous boy,
And draws the daily circle of his joy.

And thus, when manhood brings its weight of
care,
To chain the soul, and curb the giddy air,
The father, friend, the patriot, and the man,
Share in the love of heaven's parental plan ;
Till age o'ersteal his mellow'd form at last,
And wintry locks tell summer youth is past ;
Then, like the sun slow-wheeling to the wave,
He sinks in glory to a welcome grave.

Virtuous Affection.

Lord of the Universe ! supreme, sublime,
Immense CONTROLLER of all space and time !
Though oft thy red-wing'd lightnings sear the
sky,
And mutt'ring thunders mark Thy track on high,
One omnipresent, ever-sleepless Love
Pervades, directs, and tempers from above :
When from thy hands primeval earth outsprang,
And starry music o'er the launch'd world rang,

Thine emblem, God, was LOVE !—nor eye can see
Where love is not the master-trait of Thee.

And since that time, when first in Eden's bower,
The stainless Adam bent to beauty's power,
Have souls commingled in affection's flame,
In weal unsever'd, and in wo the same.

A Marriage Scene.

Young, chaste, and lovely—pleas'd, yet half
afraid,
Before yon altar droops a plighted maid,
Clad in her bridal robes of taintless white,
Dumb with the scene, and dazzled with delight.
Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
Each with devoted look and feeling bland ;
And oft she turns her soul-expressing eye,
Dimm'd with a tear for happiness gone by !
Then coyly views, in youth's commanding pride,
Her own betroth'd one kneeling by her side :
Like lilies bending from the noon-tide blaze,
Her bashful eye-lids droop beneath his gaze ;
While love and homage blend their blissful power,
And shed a halo round his marriage hour.

What though this chance-abounding life ordain
A path of anguish and corrective pain ;
By want or wo, where'er compell'd he rove,
A cot's a palace by the light of love !
There beats *one* heart, which until death will be
A fountain-source of fondest sympathy ;
One frownless eye to kindle with his own,
One changeless friend, when other friends are
 flown :—
Oh ! sanction Thou the love-united pair,
Author of Love ! for Thou art present there.

Retrospection of a well-spent Life.

There be some heart-entwining hours in life,
With uncontrollable sensation rife ;
When mellow'd thoughts, like music on the ear,
Melt through the soul, and revel in a tear !
And, such are they, when, tranquil and alone,
We sit and ponder on long periods flown ;
And, charm'd by Fancy's retrospective gaze,
Live in an atmosphere of other days ;
Till friends and faces, flashing on the mind,
Conceal the havoc time has left behind !

Yon aged man,—with what a musing eye
He dreams and lingers o'er the days fled by,

When pensive, sitting by his evening fire,
To Mem'ry's peaceful glade his thoughts retire ;
While cherub grandsons pat his willing knee,
Shake their bright curls, and prattle off their glee.
Now gently fleet back joy-wing'd days of old,
When Hope led forward, and the eye look'd
bold :

With holy calm he thinks of place and time,
Belov'd when left, unblotted with a crime ;
Cold friendship's smiles are re-illumin'd now,
And gleams of fancy lighten on his brow !
What HAND puissant gave to life each form,
Scatter'd the cloud and piloted the storm ?
Guided him onward through his thorny road,
Bestow'd each joy, and brighten'd each abode ?—
Ah ! see the pious tear of memory roll
In welling rapture from his grateful soul,
That trembles like the waking pulse of joy,
To feel, *Who* rais'd the man, and rear'd the boy !

Thoughts on Absent Friends.

Chain'd to the car of Time, as on we roll
Through cloud and sunshine to th' Eternal goal,
How favour'd he, whose soul, by Heaven refined,
Meets by the way some all-partaking mind—

Some feeling friend, by Nature mark'd our own,
And moulded true to every tender tone !
Let fortune frown, congenial scenes depart,
And “farewell” rive the fetters of the heart !—
'Tis sweet, when roaming by the wave-girt
strand,
To weave fond visions of our own far land ;
Or dream, while faintly chimes the convent bell,
Of distant friends, and each domestic spell,
And feel ONE SPIRIT tracks our lone career,
And dwells in every heart to Friendship dear.

And if brief absence in our stormy life
Wake in fond bosoms sympathetic strife,
How deep the wo when Death's terrific hand
Tears a lov'd victim to his shadowy land !—
Oh Death ! thou dreadless vanquisher of earth,
The elements shrunk blasted at thy birth ;
Thine is the conquest of untold mankind,
Victims before, and carnage strewn behind !

The Father and Daughter : a Death-bed Scene.

And say, when thoughtful on our couch we lie,
And scan the FUTURE with uncheated eye,
How Fancy dreads to realize the tomb,
Shrinks into awe, and shudders at its doom ;
What shapes of horror glide around our bed,
Damp from the ghastly regions of the dead ;
While Nature hovers o'er that fearful brink,
Where Faith turns wild, and Thought too weak to
 think ;
Trembling and startling, like a shade in sleep,
Or a lone vessel on the surging deep ;
Till revelation's heaven-directed beam
Melts every doubt in some celestial dream ;
Oh ! then no more convulsing terrors roll ;
Then, then, the hallelujah of the soul !
Wing'd on the hope of heaven, it speeds away
To the bright source of beatific day.

Lo ! on his curtain'd couch, with pillow'd head,
And pallid limbs in dewy languor spread,
The dying parent, like a wailing breeze,
Moans in the feverish grasp of wan Disease ;
While sad and watching, with a sleepless eye,
A lovely daughter sits and muses by :

So Gabriel sat within the Saviour's tomb,
When his pure spirit walk'd the eternal gloom !

There as some ancient abbey's muffled bell
Tolls o'er the drowsing world the day's farewell,
Frequent she glances at his wrinkled brow,
And those dear eyes so dim and deathful now,
Till all his love and all his care returns,
And memory through her brain and bosom
burns.—

That drooping hand, so delicately weak,
How often had it smooth'd her infant cheek ;
Or danc'd her, lightly tripping by his side,
And prattling sweetly with delighted pride ;
Or pluck'd the baby flower that charm'd her age,
Or gently oped Instruction's pictured page,
Or pointed to some mild and mournful star,
That throned its beauty in the sky afar.

And see ! no more the arrowy throes of pain
Pierce his bound head, or force the plaintive
strain ;
Slumber hath heal'd them with assuasive balm,
And chain'd the senses in oblivion's calm ;
Pleas'd at his quiet mien, with timid breath,
She stirs to see—alas ! the sleep of Death ;

Pulseless and pale, beneath the taper's glow,
Lies her lov'd parent,—but a lifeless show !

She shook not, shriek'd not, rais'd no maniac cry,
Nor wrung her hand, nor heav'd one heart-deep
 sigh ;
But stood aghast, too awful for relief,
Mute, stiff, and white,—a monument of grief !

**Solemn Reflections suggested by the recent Loss of
a Beloved Friend.**

To hear a dying lip's last accent speak,
To watch the death-glaze smooth the waxen
 cheek ;
To see the fiery eye-ball fiercely roll,
As if it wrestled with the parting soul ;
Or hear the last clod crumble on the bed,
And thrill the hollow mansion of the dead :
This, this is wo !—but deeper far that gloom
That haunts us when we pace the desert room,
And shadow forth an image of our love,
Rapt to Elysian realms of light above ;
'Tis now, while low and long the heavy knell
Pours on the breeze a parted soul's farewell,

Despair and anguish curtain round our view,
And all but sorrow seems to be untrue.—
How sadly vacant turns our frequent gaze,
To where the mourn'd one smiled in other days !
The eye that glitter'd with each gen'rous thought ;
The glowing mind with worth and wisdom
 fraught ;
The twilight walk by some romantic stream,
Where Friendship warm'd, while Fancy wove her
 dream ;
The smile, and wit,—all, all the feeling heart
Delights to trace on memory's faithful chart
Return upon us ;—OMNIPRESENT POWER !
'Tis thine to lull this agonizing hour ;
To charm the burden from the soul, and give
The tears that solace and the hopes that live.

PART III.

IN the wild mystery of earth and air,
Sun, moon, and star, and the unslumb'ring sea,—
There is a meaning and a power, commix'd
For thought, and for undying fancy tuned.
And by thy panting for the unattain'd
On earth ; by longings which no language speak ;
By the dread torture of o'ermast'ring doubt ;
By thirst for beauty, such as eye ne'er saw,
And yet is ever mirror'd on the mind ;
By Love in her rich heavenliness array'd ;
By Guilt and Conscience,—that terrific pair,
Who make the dead to mutter from their tombs,
And colour nature with the hues of hell !—
By REVELATION's everlasting truth,—O Man,
Thou art immortal as thy Maker is !

SATAN, Book iii.

THE
OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

PART III.

**All Nature attests the Truth of God's Overruling
Power,**

**AND PUTS TO SHAME THE ATHEISTIC CHIMERA
THAT THE WONDERS OF CREATION ARE
THE EFFECT OF CHANCE.**

Now while the stars in meekest beauty rise,
And gaze on earth, like Heaven's maternal eyes,
Oh ! let sublime Imagination soar,
And tread the region Milton trod before ;
Ride on the deep, or travel with the sun,
Far as creation smiles, or time has run :
So shall her eagle eye divinely see
A living universe of Deity !
In every wave and wind, and fruit and flower,
The glory, truth, and terror of His power.

Who hung yon planet in its airy shrine,
And dash'd the sunbeam from its burning mine ?
Who bade the ocean-mountains swell and leap,
And thunder rattle from the skiey deep ?
Through hill and vale who twined the healthful
stream,
Made rain to nurture, and the fruit to teem ?
Who charm'd the clod into a breathing shrine,
And call'd it Man,—a miniature divine ?
King of Creation ! Lord of Life and Light,
Arise, and vindicate Thine awful right !

And dare men dream that dismal CHANCE has
framed
All that the eye perceives, or tongue has named ;
The spacious world, and all its wonders, born
Designless, self-created, and forlorn ;
That no grand BUILDER plied his plastic force,
Gave to each object form,—to motion course ?
Then may Religion, Morals, Truth, and Worth,
Perish from out this atheistic earth ;
Why should the orphans of the world who roam
O'er earth's bleak waste, without a friend—a home,
With *resignation* mark their fellow clay
Eask in the sunshine of a better day ?
Why should the vagrant shiver at the door,
Nor crush the miser for his treasured ore,

Save faith's sweet music harmonized the mind,
Whisper'd of heaven, and bade it be resign'd ?

Horrors of the French Revolution.

And here let Mem'ry turn her tearful glance
On the grim horrors of tumultuous France ;
When blood and blasphemy defiled her land,
And fierce Rebellion raised her savage hand,
While women flung their female hearts away,
Rear'd the red pike, and butcher'd for their pay.*

* This revolting scene is thus described by Sir Walter Scott, in his *Sketch of the French Revolution*, prefixed to his *Life of Napoleon* :—"The outside of the palace was still besieged by the infuriated mob, who demanded with hideous cries, and acclamations the most barbarous and obscene, the Austrian, as they called the Queen. The unfortunate Princess appeared on the balcony, with one of her children in each hand. A voice from below cried out 'No children !' as if on purpose to deprive the mother of that appeal to humanity which might move the hardest heart. Marie Antoinette, with a force of mind worthy Maria Theresa, her mother, pushed her children back into the room, and turning her face to the tumultuous multitude, which tossed and roared beneath, brandishing their pikes and guns with the wildest attitudes of rage, the reviled, persecuted, and denounced queen stood before them, her arms folded on her bosom, with a noble air of courageous resolution."

H

No more the tocsin for the carnage tolls,
No dead-piled tumbril from the slaughter rolls ;
The blood has dried upon each wither'd plain,
And brave La Vendée blooms in peace again ;
Still may we paint an image of the times,
And draw a moral from a nation's crimes.

Ill-fated land ! did godless wisdom pour
The light of liberty from shore to shore ?
Ah no ! perverted freedom cursed the day
With nameless deeds of horror and dismay ;
Virtue was death-struck, Vice alone had power,
And Fiends saw hell on earth, in that black hour !

Let streets of blood, let dungeons choked with
dead,
The tortured brave, the royal hearts that bled ;
Let plunder'd cities, and polluted fanes,
The butcher'd thousands piled upon the plains—
Let the foul orgies of stupendous crime
Witness the raging havoc of that time,
When leagued Rebellion marched to kindle man—
Fright in her rear, and Murder at her van !

**Marie Antoinette's Appearance on the Balcony
during the Tumults at Versailles.**

And thou, sweet Flower of Austria! slaughter'd
queen,
How oft will Hist'ry in thy dreadful scene
Sigh to relate, what once a woman saw,
Whose very look had been a nation's law ;
When all high chivalries of heart were fled,
And Treason's dagger pierced the monarch's bed ;
But thou wert fearless, 'mid the savage yell,
When Murder hooted, as the hatchet fell.
Queen to the last !—methinks I see thee stand,
With infants clasping thy maternal hand,
And face unmoved the murd'rous throng who came
To do a deed which Earth might shrink to name !

**The Miserable State of Feeling engendered by
Atheistic Principles.**

Unmann'd of men ! whose thankless eyes can
glance
On all around, and deem it born of Chance ;
Self-martyr'd victims to appalling doom,
Your life a vision, and your heart a tomb :

The source and end of being in the ground,
Where all is silent, and your goal is found !
How charmless time must stream away with you ;
To struggle, wish, and weep, and then—Adieu !
Ye cannot stifle Sorrow at her birth,
By hopes prevailing o'er the woes of earth ;
Nor soothe the passions which besiege the soul
By immortality's sublime control ;
Share with the majesty of earth and sky,
Mount on a thought, and talk with DEITY !

Boast not of wisdom, if her precepts say
Th' immortal ESSENCE mingles with the clay ;
In polar isles, where Wisdom's mellow beam
Ne'er chasten'd Beauty's glance, or Rapture's
dream,
E'en there a Deity pervades the mind,
Speaks in the storm, and travels on the wind.*

And shall the Soul, the fount of reason, die,
When dust and darkness round its temple lie ?
Did God breathe in it no ethereal fire,
Burning and quenchless, though the breath ex-
pire ?

* "Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

Then why were god-like aspirations given,
That, scorning earth, so often frame a heaven ?
Why does the ever-craving wish arise
For better, nobler, than the world supplies ?
Ah, no ! it cannot be that men were sent
To moulder in ethereal discontent,—
That soul was fashion'd for betrayful trust,
To *think* like God, and *perish* like the dust !

If death for ever doom us to the clod,
And earth-born pleasure be our only god,
Remorseless time shall bury all we love,
Nor leave one hope to re-unite above ;
No more the voice of Friendship shall beguile,
No more the mother on her infant smile ;
But vanishing, like rain upon the deep,
Nature is,—**NOTHING** in eternal sleep !

Hope beyond the Grave.

Monarchs of mind ! and spirits of the just !
Are ye entomb'd in everlasting dust ?
Shall ye, whose names, undimm'd by ages,
shine,
Bright as the flame that mark'd ye for divine,

For ever slumber—never meet again,
Too pure for sorrow, too sublime for pain ?
Ah, no ! celestial Fancy loves to fly
With eager pinion and prophetic eye
To radiant dwellings of immortal bliss,
Far from a world so wo-begone as this ;
There, as the choral melodies career,
And wind and warble through heaven's mystic
 sphere,
In perfect forms you all again unite,
And worship GODHEAD on His throne of Light.

When friends have vanish'd to eternal home,
And we are left companionless to roam,
Oh, what can cheer our melancholy way,
But hopes of union in the land of Day ?
Soul-lov'd ! companions of our greener years,
Warm'd at our joys, and weeping at our tears,
How oft descriptive mem'ry paints each hour,
When friendship triumph'd and the heart had
 power !
Yes, hallow'd are those visions of the brain,
When Heaven unveils, and loved ones smile again.

Consolations derived from a Belief in a Future
State.

And THOU, for ever fond, for ever true,
Beneath whose smile the boy to manhood grew ;
To sorrow piteous, and to error mild,—
Has death for ever torn thee from thy child ?
Thy voice that counsell'd, charm'd, consoled, and
 bless'd !
Thy deep solicitude that found no rest
But in completion of some pure design,
To make *my* happiness the spring of *thine* ;
Thy boundless love, whose providential gaze,
Pour'd light and tenderness round all my ways ;
Those myriad fascinations felt and known
Of truth maternal to be born alone,
(Too coldly prized while we can call them ours,
And feel them gladden our unduteous hours,
But, oh ! how worshipp'd, magically dear,
When woke to life by mem'ry's votive tear !)
Though these have perish'd, love in deathless bloom
Outlives the torpor of the wintry tomb.
There is a clime where sorrow never came,
There is a peace perennially the same ;
There rolls a world where sever'd hearts renew
Bright sympathies, the exquisite and true !

But chasten'd, clear'd, exalted, and refined,
To each pure tone of beatific mind.—
There may we meet, departed Spirit ! there,
The home of bliss, the paradise of prayer :
A few more pangs, a few more tears to shed,
And I shall mingle with the faded dead ;
A few fleet years, and this tried heart must
 brave
The damp oblivion of the dreamless grave ;
When, calm as thine, may resignation close
These eyes for glory in their last repose.

And if the dead on this dull world may gaze
To breathe a blessing round our guarded ways ;
If by some ministry, to man unknown,
They still can make a human wish their own,
And wander round, ineffably serene,
That unforgotten home, where life has been,—
Spirit maternal ! often gaze on me,
And soothe the pang that so remembers thee !
Hover around me when I mourn, or pray,
A dream by night to consecrate the day :
When temper kindles, or when passion dares,
Renew thy warning, and recall thy cares,—
Bid thy past love like inspiration rise,
And plead for virtue with a mother's sighs !

**The Death-bed of a Sceptic and a Christian
compared.**

But say ! how will the sceptic brave the hour
Of crushing death's inexorable power,
When all this gorgeous world shall glide away,
Like painted dreams before the breath of day ?—
See ! how he shudders at a glance of Death :
What doubt and horror hang upon his breath ;
The gibb'ring teeth, glaz'd eye, and marble limb,—
Shades from the tomb stalk out, and stare on him !

Lo ! there, in yonder spectre-haunted room,
What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom,
When pale, and shiv'ring, and bedew'd with fear,
The dying sceptic felt his hour drew near !
As the last throes of death convuls'd his cheek,
He gnash'd, and scowl'd, and rais'd a hideous
 shriek,
Rounded his eyes into a ghastly glare,
Lock'd his white lips—and all was mute despair.

Go, child of darkness ! see a Christian die ;
No horror pales his lip, or dims his eye ;
No fiend-shaped phantoms of destruction start
The hope religion pillows on his heart,

When with a falt'ring hand he waves adieu,
From Hearts as tender as their tears are true ;
Meek as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns, fondly longing for its wonted rest,
So to his God his yielding soul retires,
And in one sigh of sainted peace expires !

But what is death or danger, storm or sea,
What are the loudest thunders launch'd by
Thee,
Thou UNIMAGIN'D ! to a blazing world,—
Creation from its huge foundation hurl'd ?
Then, then will reign thine OMNIPRESENT power,
And earth in flames expect her funeral hour !

Ages has awful Time been trav'ling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone ;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn, have gloried in their birth ;
We live and toil, we triumph and decay,—
Thus age on age rolls unperceiv'd away ;
And thus 'twill be, till Heaven's last thunders
 roar,
And man and Nature shall exist no more.

The Final Doom.

Oh ! say, what Fancy, though endow'd
sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And Time be buried in eternity !
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that Sun
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon ;
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And tinge the gloomy tempests as they roll ;
And those sweet stars, that, like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
No more shall fascinate our human sight,
But quench their beauty in perpetual night.—
And, hark ! how wildly on the ruin'd shore
Expiring Ocean pants in hollow roar,
While earth's abysses echo back the groan,
And startle Nature on her secret throne !

But ere creation's everlasting pall
Unfold its darkness, and envelop all,
The tombs shall burst, the cited dead arise,
And gaze on Godhead with unblasted eyes !

Hark ! from the deep of heaven a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around ;
From north to south, from east to west it rolls
A blast that summons all created souls ;
And swift as ripples form upon the deep
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep ;
The Sea has heard it, coiling up with dread,—
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed,
The graves fly open, and with awful strife
The dust of ages startles into life !

All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or
felt ;
All they around whose cradles Kingdoms knelt ;
Tyrants and warriors, who were throned in blood ;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are raised from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom !

But while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame, behold,
With shining banners at his feet unroll'd,
Earth's JUDGE!—around seraphic minstrels throng
And chant o'er golden harps celestial song.—
But let the hush of holy silence now
Brood o'er the heart, and more than words avow,

While the huge fabric of the world gives away,
And shrieking myriads to the mountains pray,
“ Descend upon us ! Oh, conceal THAT sight,
The LAMB encompass’d with consuming light ! ” —
Behold a burning Chaos hath begun,
The moon is crimson’d, and how black the sun !
While cloud-flames, weltring in confusion dire,
Flash like a firmament of sea on fire ;
Yea, all the billows of the main have fled,*
And nought appears but ocean’s waveless bed,
Whose cavern’d bosom with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the world like dead Creation’s tomb !

But lo ! the breathing harvest of the earth
Reap’d from their graves to share a second birth ;
Millions of eyes with one deep dreadful stare
Gaze upward through the flaming scene of air,
In pierced Immanuel their own JUDGE to see,
And hear him sentence man’s eternity !
Wing’d like bright angels, warbling hymns of love,
The saints are soaring unto Christ above ;
Still as they mount increasing splendours play,
And light the progress of their hallow’d way. —
Yet, hark ! what horrid yells beneath him rise
From perish’d Souls who lift their guilty cries,

* There was *no more sea* ; Rev. c. 21, v. 1.

And by the brink of sin's awarded Hell
Shriek unto God and man their wild farewell !

But here let silence our religion be,
And prayer become the Muse's poetry ;
Nor must the power of meditative song
Grasp the high secrets which to God belong.
Struck with due awe, let Fancy then retire,
And Faith divine the dreaming soul inspire,
Under the shade of that Almighty Throne
From whose dread face the Universe hath flown !*

* See Revelations.

END OF THE "OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY."

A

UNIVERSAL PRAYER ;

WITH

OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

“ Breath of the soul, by Jesus taught to rise,
And blend with anthems heard beyond the skies.”

TRANSCENDENT POWER! almightily supreme,
Unborn, sublime, eternal, and alone,
The Uncreated God ! at whose command
Nature and Time did hand in hand arise,
And round Thee wheel a universe of worlds,—
Descend ! and magnify our thoughts for prayer :
Illume, expand, and purify the soul
With inward glory from Thyself derived ;
The springs of mind unlock, and let them pour
The vital feelings forth, in one full stream
Of adoration, duteous as divine.

Thou **INFINITE !** since first creation roll'd,
Of Thee thy mercy hath a shade reveal'd
To Nature's heart ; in every age or clime,
Heard in the wind, or by the tempest robed,

Or in the parent Sun presumed to shine,—
Still has immortal Soul been stamp'd with Thee !

Oh ! all that thought can span, or eye perceive,
Is but a part, a shadow of Thy power,
Creating, filling, and upholding All !
The arch'd immensity above us spread,
Where mystic worlds perform their silent march,
And Seasons live and die ; the chainless deep
Belting the earth with majesty and might ;
The mountains pinnacled with storms, the floods
And streams, the meadows beautified with flowers,—
A God declare ! and in the thunder-peals
Rattling from cloud to cloud their voices dire,
Like Sinai, when the awe of sound convulsed
Her cavern'd height,—a Deity is there !
But when dark whirlwinds o'er creation sweep,
Like rebel Spirits plunging from the sky,
We dread Thee, wing'd upon each awful blast !

Fountain of Light and Love ! while Nature hymns
Thy praise, in wave or wind, from shore to shore,
Thy miniature, immortal man—the grace
And glory of the earth—with brow erect
Was made to walk the world in joy ; to share
Thy goodness, and adore the hand divine.
Then look, thou Universal One ! whose eye

Alike on all is fixed—with mercy view
This wide and peopled World ; from east to west,
From north to south, Thy guardian care extend :
In Polar climes, in lands refined or rude,
In isles remote, or deserts grimly vast,—
Where beats a heart within a human breast,
There be Thou present, and Thy power adored !
And oh ! since all one common race are doom'd
To run, and one eternal goal to reach,
May Thy prime Attribute each bosom warm
With tender sympathy and truth ; may man
To man be linked in fellowship of soul,
Till one vast chain of Love embrace the world.

UNSEARCHABLE ! before whose boundless gaze
The Past, the Present, and the Future stand !
Submissive, we implore Thee to unshroud
The SUN OF TRUTH ; his heavenly beam advance
From pole to pole, till on his perfect face
All earth shall gaze, one glorious altar rise,
And every soul unite to hail thee God !

And, ah ! may those who fight the war of faith
With weapons such as brave apostles wore,
In climes where Sin and Satan darkly rage,—
Feel holy valour, from Thy shield derived !
Defend them, Thou ! whose cross their banner decks,

When bleak with ice, or burnt with torrid glow,
Deserts of gloom and death their eyes appal !
Or, when at midnight round their flapping tent
The hurricano like a demon howls,—
Let Hope descend, their falt'ring hearts confirm,
And free as morning let their faith arise
Again for conquest, o'er the host of Hell ;
While round them daily may Redemption see
Idolatry from thrones of darkness fall
For ever,—by the sword of Truth destroy'd.

As o'er the treach'rous sea of human life
We wander, till our anchor'd spirits rest
In the calm haven of eternity,—
Without a heart-deep sense, a wakeful dread
Of Thee, felt in the mind and by the act
Reveal'd,—we perish on the rock of sin !
King of the Universe ! impress, we pray,
Upon our minds Thy majesty, that breathes
A holy freshness through the heart ; and raise
And animate the soul to things sublime ;
O'erawe the passions, and each thought arrest
That on the fiery wing of impulse roams,
Unheedful of the voice within,—where dwells
The chronicler of virtue, and of crime.
OMNIPOTENT ! in every soul be shrined ;
So shall our deeds be echoes of good thoughts,

And at Thy dreadful summons we shall stand
Unharm'd,—secure amid the shock of worlds !

And since to THEE the unveil'd heart be known,
Nor voiceless thought, nor wish can rise, but Thou
Record'st it in Thine awful BOOK OF LIFE,—
Oh ! may we ever watch the tempted mind,
And keep it pure from each unhallow'd wish,
From each depraved desire : so shall our days
In beautiful declension fade ; and Hope
And Faith triumphant o'er the world exult ;
Till back recall'd, the renovated Soul
Shall reap beatitude in realms of light.

On each degree of men, benignant God !
Thy sleepless care we pray Thee to bestow ;
Grave it on each adoring mind,—that Heaven's
Bright portals are to all unbarr'd ; that high
Nor mean, nor rich, nor poor with Thee prevail
By aught peculiar, save a perfect heart ;
The meanest orphan of the world may win
A wreath in heaven ; the humblest wear a crown
Of life.—And oh ! may those, the gifted few,
Archangels of the earth ! before whose thrones
Mortality will bend, and half adore,
Remember what they *owe* to Thee and man :
May GENIUS never stoop to pander vice,

But fix her eye on heaven, and walk the earth
A Spirit *conscious* of her native sphere !

Prime Source of being ! let the richly dower'd
Forget not Him from whom their riches flow,
And heaven-born Charity exult to be
A bright reflection of Thy glorious Self !
Her office 'tis, sweet harbinger of love,
To light the burden from oppressed hearts,
To pluck the arrow from Affliction's breast,
Nor leave a pang behind ; and where the sad
And unobtrusive Virtues toil, to shed
The balm of joy, and wreath their cup of wo
With smiles accorded by approving Heaven.

To Thee, to Thee alone, pervading God,
The sum of human agonies is known !
But wheresoe'er the race of sorrow dwell,
There may Thy dews of mercy fall ; refresh
The wither'd heart, the languid eye of Want
Relume, and bid Misfortune smile again :
And since from Thee the breath of Life began,
And on each brow the seal of God is set,
Oh ! hear the bitter sighs of **THE**RALDOM, breathed
Morn, noon, and night, from out ten thousand hearts
Of agony, to Thee :—Awake ! arise !
God of the slave and free ! and disenthral

The World ; bid Freedom shine, and, like thy Sun,
Illume and animate Creation round.

And let the young, on whose delighted gaze
The dream of life in hopeful beauty dawns,
In their unspotted bosoms treasure thoughts
Of Thee, to guide them through the cloudy years ;
And may the old, upon whose gray-worn heads
Past Time has placed an honourable crown,
When Earth grows dim, and worldly joys decay,
Find Heaven advancing as the World retires !

Oh ! THOU that fathomest the guilty mind,
And canst interpret each debasing thought
Untold,—arouse the erring soul, by Sin
From Thee withdrawn ; the form of Vice unveil,
And bare her hideous aspect to the eye
Of Truth ; then bid return the rebel heart,
And blot its error with repentant tears.

On him, whom Hope and Faith exalt, what
dreams,
What joys, and what diviner moods attend !
He walks the world, as Jesus walk'd the waves,
Triumphant and secure ! In ev'ry scene
A love for Thee prevails ; Creation breathes
Of heaven. The vaulted sky bedropt with stars

The Ocean roll'd to rest, or sending up
Tremendous pæans to her mighty Lord !
The field an' flower, whate'er in noontide walk
Is sweet,—allure his wond'ring heart to Him,
The Source and Spirit of the moving Whole ;
All Order, Beauty, and Perfection here,
Form but the shadows of more perfect bliss
Cast from a purer world ; he dwells in Thee,
And Thou in him ; Heaven seems his native home,
And Immortality shall crown him there.

Not for the fleeting joys of life alone
We pray, and those by blood or truth allied,—
When life's fierce storms are hush'd, and Death
undraws
That veil, beyond which never human glance
Hath seen ! oh, then be present, viewless Power !
And calm the pangs of Nature's closing scene :
Let haunting fears, nor fiery dreams the past
Recall ; but may the grave a future bed
Of glory be : around the dying couch
May bands of sympathetic Angels watch,
And waft the winged Spirit to its home.

Omnipotent ! at whose creative word
Eternity sent forth a shining host
Of worlds, to balance in the beauteous air,

Still may the Sun upon his dazzling brow
Thy smile of mercy o'er mankind reflect !
Still let abundance crown the year ; still roll
The seasons o'er a prosperous land ; and breeze
And blast, and all the treasure of the clouds
The pregnant earth enrich, and heap the load
Of human gratitude to gracious Heaven !

Celestial King of kings, and Lord of lords !
Since at thy fiat Empires rise and fall,
And melt, like palaces of painted cloud,—
Mantle our cherish'd Country with thy wings
Of glory ; may she prosper in the pride
Of liberty ; around her ancient Throne
Let all the kingly Virtues throng ; and bid
Thy delegate, the Monarch of our Land,
Be graced with wisdom, and her sceptre wield
The majesty of Justice and of Truth ;
May she be great and good, and ever find
A living bulwark in the People's heart.

But with the prayer, let boundless praise ascend
On wings that never droop.—We praise Thee, God !
We praise Thee, God ! for life and limb ; for health
And wisdom, Hope divine and deathless Truth ;
For each vast symbol of Thy power portray'd
By this dread universe, where Thou art seen,

As ocean mirrors an imperial sun !—
In feeble infancy, when on the breast
We hang in slumber, Thy protecting hand
O'ershades us ; on our steps Thine Angels wait ;
And, day by day, Thou shapest the formless mind,
Teaching the thought to bud, the tongue to speak,
And to the heart unveiling grace and truth.—
And thus, through all the ravell'd maze of life
With viewless guidance Thou direct'st our feet,
Till lo ! upon that awful brink we stand,
Where shines the light that leads the soul to
Heaven.

But Thine infinity of awful love,
Oh, who could fathom, when th' INCARNATE came
And bade the moral resurrection dawn ?
He look'd,—and in his glance the Earth grew
bright !
Her slavish eye Idolatry unscaled,
While Superstition from her gloom arose,
Burst from her bonds, and with an angel shout
From east to west the Hallelujah rang !

VICTOR OF DEATH ! mysterious God and Man,
Who bore the vial of almighty wrath
Upon His head outpour'd, the tomb unlock'd,
Trampled on Hell, and oped the gates of Heaven

To banish'd Man !—Hail ! PRINCE OF PEACE ! en-
throned

In glory with Thy co-eternal Sire,
Our prayer accept, the incense of the soul,
And hallow it with Thy perfecting grace.

Thou LIGHT OF LIGHT ! by ancient seers foretold,
And by prophetic minstrels hymn'd,—the sun
And centre of our faith, REDEEMING CHRIST !
Look down, and consecrate thy CHURCH below ;
Around her rally all thy faithful hearts,—
Pillars beyond the powers of Hell to shake !
Roll on reluctant time, and spread from land
To land, from isle to isle, the WORD OF TRUTH,
Till Earth shall seem ONE UNIVERSAL SOUL !

But all is fruitless, save Thy Spirit teach,
Console, attract, illumine, and adorn
The penitential mind. Can deaf men feel
How Music wakens her enchanted might ;
Or blind ones, when the lids of Morning ope,
Greet the proud radiance of commencing day ?—
So dull and eyeless to the words and beams
Of truth heaven-sanction'd, is the rocky heart,
Before an unction of converting grace
Descend, and bid the glorious change begin !—
Or, mark the body, when the soul is fled ;

How pale and powerless, how corrupt and cold
It lies, and withers like a dream of clay !—
So dead to things transcendently divine
In carnal trance the soul itself abides,
Till comes Thy Spirit with celestial breath,
The faded lineaments of God revives,
And quickens nature with transforming power :
Then, Thou art all, and all in Thee resides.
Eternity upon the Book of Life
Reflected,—how sublime the means of grace !
In Christ what love immeasurably deep
Embodied !—what a glory robes the Cross !
Each word, each promise, each divine appeal
By Thee brought home,—how vast redemption grows !
Vile passions sink ; and low affections, rais'd,
No longer worm-like creep in dust and gloom,
But, wing'd by faith, beyond the world ascend,
Exulting round the Throne, and hearing oft
Faint echoes of some archangelic hymn
To JESUS chanted ; Who, as LORD of deed
And LIFE of thought, o'er all our being reigns ;
And oft, by sacred fascination led,
To Calvary our yearning Hearts retire,
Kneel at the cross, and see the Saviour die !

Be with us, Lord, till years of fadeless bloom
Act the bright wonders which Isaiah sung ;

And Eden, lovelier far than Adam saw,
Lit by the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, appear !
And when at length Thy GOSPEL KINGDOM comes,—
When the last Trumpet wakes the trance of Time,
And thunders roll Creation's knell,—Thine eye
Will beam with mercy, and Thy voice will sound
A welcome to the skies, while, angel-wing'd,
Myriads ascend, to shine immortal there !

H Y M N.

How sacred is that chosen spot,
Where praise and prayer arise,
And earth and time seem half forgot,
While faith unveils the skies,
And visions bright in beauty roll,
Around the tranced believer's soul !

One hour within Thy Temple, Lord,
When blending hearts can meet,
And banquet on thy blessed word
Before the mercy-seat,
The antepast of Heaven may prove,
And teach us how thine angels love !

And ever in this calm abode,
May thy pure Spirit be,
And guide us on the narrow road,
That terminates in Thee,—
While dews of thy converting grace
Descend upon our fallen race.

Before the Cross where Jesus bled,
On Calv'ry's fated hill,
With bended knee, and bowing head,
And soul devoutly still,
May each adoring sinner find
Salvation awe, and soothe his mind.

And by Thy blood, and by Thy tears,
By all Thy pangs unknown !
Allay, O Lord ! our rising fears,
And make these hearts Thine own,
All each with loud hosanna sings,
Hail! LORD OF LORDS, and KING OF KINGS !

A DAUGHTER'S APOSTROPHE TO A
DEPARTED MOTHER.

If gentle Spirits, call'd away
To their seraphic sphere,
May hear Affection fondly pray,
Or mark a mourner's tear ;

Pure Spirit ! floating realms of love,
Beyond this earthly wild,
Shed down sweet influence from above,
To bless thine orphan child.

As oft at pensive eve I roam,
Thine image visits me ;
While Fancy paints the happy home,
Once so adorn'd by thee.

The smile that rambled o'er thy cheek,
And shamed the pang of art ;
The mellow tones I heard thee speak,
Still linger round my heart !

That glowing welcome of thine eye,
The fondness in thy fear ;
The meek-borne anguish in thy sigh,
The pity in thy tear ;

The mild reluctance in that frown
That won me ere it changed :
The glance that charmed my spirit down,
When giddily it ranged ;

Those lips that lull'd each maiden wo,
And bade the smile to play ;
Nor left the scalding tears to flow,
But kiss'd them all away :

Yes ! these,—and all thy sweeter love
Shed round my childhood's hour,
Oft bear me to yon home above,—
To thine Elysian bower.

Oh ! if thou hear my orphan prayer,
And mourning fondness see ;
Thou know'st I sigh to enter there,
And be at rest with thee !

I N F A N C Y.

“ The smile of childhood on the cheek of age.”

A CHILD beside a mother kneels
 With lips of holy love,
 And fain would lisp the vow it feels,
 To HIM enthroned above.

That cherub gaze, that stainless brow,
 So exquisitely fair !—
 Who would not be an infant now,
 To breathe an infant's prayer ?

No crime hath shaded its young heart,
 The eye scarce knows a tear ;
 'Tis bright enough from earth to part
 And grace another sphere !

And I was once a happy thing,
 Like that which now I see,
 No May-bird on ecstatic wing
 More beautifully free :

The cloud that bask'd in noontide glow,
The flower that danced and shone,
All hues and sounds, above, below,
Were joys to feast upon !

Let wisdom smile—I oft forget
The colder haunts of men,
To hie where infant hearts are met,
And be a child again ;

To look into the laughing eyes
And see the wild thoughts play,
While o'er each cheek a thousand dyes
Of mirth and meaning stray.

O manhood ! could thy spirit kneel
Beside that sunny child,
As fondly pray, and purely feel
With soul as undefiled :

That moment would encircle thee,
With light and love divine ;
Thy gaze might dwell on Deity,
And Heaven itself be thine !

ENGLAND, AND ENGLAND'S SABBATH.

[FROM "LUTHER."]

WITHOUT the Bible, Britain's life-blood chills
 And curdles ; *in* that book, and *by* that book
 Almighty,—freedom can alone be kept
 From age to age, in unison with heaven.
 Without it, life is but a ling'ring death,
 A false existence that begets decay,
 Or fevers only into restless life
 Whose blood is madness, and whose breath despair!
 For not philosophy, with Attic grace
 Bedeck'd, and dazzling ; nor can science deep,
 Sounding with searchful eye the vast abyss
 Of things created ; nor politic weal,
 Transcending all that earthly patriot dreams
 Of pure, and perfect—our great country guard :
 And though our banners on the four winds waft
 Defiance, in the face of this huge world ;
 Our swords flash vict'ry, and our commerce vie
 With more than Tyre, upon her throne of waves
 Once free and famous,—till our country prove

The banking-centre of all climes and creeds,—
 Reft of her Bible, not a drop remains
 Of holy life-blood in the nation's heart !

LAND OF THE LORD ! my own maternal isle !
 Still in the noontide of celestial love
 Basking, beneath the cross of CHRIST adored ;
 How bounds the heart with patriotic throb
 Devoted, till each pulse a prayer becomes,
 When oft upon thy sea-dash'd cliff we stand,
 While ships by thousands haunt thy favour'd shores,
 And in their bosom half the world discharge
 Of riches and of splendour !—GOD is thine
 My country ! faithful unto death be thou ;
 For He has made and magnified thy strength,
 E'en like a SECOND PALESTINE, to prove
 The Ark of scripture, where a Christless world
 May find the truth that makes her spirit free !
 Thy bulwark is the Bible, in the heart
 Of Britain, like a second heart enshrined
 For inspiration, purity, and power :
 And, long o'er principle, and law and weal,
 O'er public virtue, and o'er private life,
 May SCRIPTURE be sole paramount, and test ;
 The source and standard of majestic faith,
 Where morals form, and whence our motives flow.
 And thus, brave empire ! if thy church beloved

Firm to the truths the Saxon Paul restored
 Tenaciously through blood and fire, remain ;
 Then, long as guardian waves thy shores begirt,
 Or sunbeams o'er thy waving corn-fields play ;
 While thy large soul with liberty exults
 And brightens ; will that CHURCH uninjured stand,
 Saintly and solemn, by the wise revered,
 By great men hallowed and by good ones blest.
 And never may thy touching sabbath-bells
 No echo in thy children's hearts awake ;
 When pealing softly with a pensive chime,
 Or deep-toned cadence o'er thy hills and dales,
 Cities and towns and hamlets far away,—
 They bid us feel what Luther's genius won ;
 Who pluck'd our sabbaths out of papal mairé,
 And gave to myriads, God's own day of rest,—
 Pure as the one my page shall vision now.

For, see ! from out the radiant east, that blooms
 As if with blossoms of carnation'd light,
 The rose of morning blushes into hues
 Of purpling splendour,—till the arch of heaven,
 Serenely mantled with one glow immense
 Of opal lustre, tells that day is born,
 And that, a sabbath : sacred be its dawn !
 To all who welcome with accorded rites
 Its high mementos, and its claims august.

And oh, how numb'd with earth's torpedo sway
 The minds that will not, in the saintly prime
 Of this rapt morning—feel how God hath framed
 The world *without* intelligibly fit,
 By living concord, to the world *within* !
 Now, matter seems a paraphrase on mind :
 We pour our spirit into sounds and scenes,—
 Greeting creation, like an echo'd self
 In forms repeated, for poetic eyes
 Or hearts of high-strain'd purity, to hail ;
 And now most chaste, from out the spirit's
 depths

Unsyllabled imaginations rise,
 With thoughts, that in their trepid beauty hang
 Faintly and freshly on the virgin mind,
 From whence we know not.—Sacramental hour,
 Hail to thy glories ! for the LORD is thine,
 And all things of his plastic SPIRIT breathe.
 The very sunbeams do their sabbath keep ;
 So hush'd and holy is the bright-hair'd morn,
 While balm and beauty through creation's breast
 Are now prevailing ! Nature's typic calm
 To sabbath-keeping hearts it thus presents ;
 Who early at the grave of Jesus watch
 Like Mary, to behold her rising LORD.
 We call it fancy, but it comes like fact
 Full on our spirits with seductive power,

That nature's heart sabbatically greets
 The day in seven, which tones the other six
 With virtue,—e'en as man is wont to do.

Now melt the heavens, magnificently soft,
 Through the deep eye that loves to drink their
 hues

Like draughts of lustre ; till the flooded gaze
 O'erflows with splendour, and grows dim with
 light ;

The larks renew their matins ; while the humbler
 birds

Send hallelujahs to the King of morn
 Tiny and broken, but replete with praise ;
 Who, now uprising from his throne of clouds,
 Bares his red forehead to the greeting world !
 The viewless finger of the fairy wind
 Wanders about, and with a dimpling touch
 Ripples a stream ; or tunes the air to song,
 Till, like an anthem by the breezes sung,
 Fancy admires it : but for this,—all earth
 Is cover'd o'er with meditation's calm,
 Solemn as in some hoary minster dwells ;
 And if no waving elegance of trees
 With falt'ring motion ; nor, the lisping talk
 Of flowers wind-ruffled ; nor the mellow tones
 Of gliding waters, in their graceful flow

Broke the blest calm,—'twere all a perfect trance
 In sweetest emblem of this hallow'd morn.
 But if from rustic solitude we turn,
 To where, through parted hills, old Ocean bares
 His breast of waters to the mantling sun,
Thou hast no sabbath, ever-rolling sea !
 At once 'tis witness'd ; but methinks thy waves
 Pant like the heavings of a heart, that swells
 And pulses heavenward with unspoken prayer.

But day advances : hark ! from tower and
 spire,
 Pointing the soul like principles to Heaven
 And happiness—what many-voicéd bells
 Peal their high summons, which invite the world
 To meet her MAKER, in His temple shrined
 Waiting due worship. Oh, ethereal DAY,
 Beyond the grossness of barbaric sense
 Rightly to value ; what a blighted scene,
 Yea, what a prison-vault of petty cares,
 Polluted dreams, and unbaptized joys
 Would earth, if sabbathless,—at once become !
 For if throughout infinity we feel
 And act, by conscious glory to our God
 Conjoin'd ; or, of divinity amerced
 The gnawing worm of conscience must endure,—

Then, priceless is the Sabbath ! and we hail
The soul of six days in the seventh divine.

To let th' Eternal o'er the temp'ral cast
A shading awe, that bids this world away ;
And Earth to Heaven by aspiration's wing
To lift ; by symbols and by signs to charm
Cold nature, and imagination feed
With rites that nourish for ennobling growth
Its being ; then, by combination due
Of epochs high, traditions pure, and faith
Unblemish'd from a gospel-fountain drawn,—
Here is the function which a sabbath fills :
Together with appliances devout
Of praise, confession, penitence, and prayer
That bathes the conscience in the crimson blood
Of Jesus,—who can such a Day blaspheme,
Thus propertied with those divinest powers
That, to the roots of all which makes
A people holy, or an empire wise,—
Sends a live influence from religion's heart ?

'Tis chiefly by this institute sublime,
Sanction'd by God, and by HIMSELF first kept,
The SOUL's position in the truth appears
E'en as it is,—before Omniscient Mind.

Now are we taught, by rites and facts reveal'd ;
 Or by appeals, whose virtue is THY pang,
 EMMANUEL ! by a hidden grace applied,—
 A truth which humbles, yet with holy might
 Meetens and melts the heart to hear the doom
 Celestial ;—e'en this truth, of all the base
 In moral code or creed religious found,
 " That God *made* man, but man himself *unmade* ;"
 And now is fallen from supernal heights
 Of being, into curs'd and carnal depths
 Apostate,—helpless, hopeless, and impure,
 And having nothing but a guilt,—his own !
 Oh verity ! beyond our solving minds
 To master, but by all things sign'd, and seal'd ;
 For nature, providence, and grace, combine
 Their witness, and authenticate the FALL :
 Explaining much, itself is unexplain'd ;
 Remains a mystery, but all myst'ries lights
 With radiance, pure as reason's eye approves.
 Deny it—what a libel on the love
 Almighty, does this blasted Earth become !
 So much of grandeur in our grief abides ;
 So much of glory in our gloom appears ;
 And in the soil of our corrupted soul
 So oft the foot-prints of departed God
 Leave shining impress of their primal track,—
 That *if* not fallen, but in form of mind

MAN in his perfect God-created mould
 Be yet apparent,—what a satire then
 On power creative, seems this anarchy state !
 Or rather by such contradiction judged,
 Lunatic angels, seraphim gone mad
 Would men be christen'd,—if no beam from
 heaven
 Lighten'd the gloom of this chaotic world.

And therefore, glory to this day benign !
 For now eternity and time will meet,
 The heavenly on the earthly state shall dawn ;
 And man, who in the mass and multitude
 Of work-day powers, and worldly movements,
 makes
 Too often but an item unobserved,
 Here in the TEMPLE, where a church becomes
 A shrine of morals to consulting Hearts,
 Himself shall realize, as full-orb'd MAN !
 Single and one, within him hiding depths
 Of solemn, vast and individual life
 Beyond all utterance !—Life which few discern
 Or chronicle ; but, O my God ! august ;
 Since, there alone the secrecy of strength
 And power of unpartaken being dwell.
 For what is action, but the spirit's garb,
 The form and pressure of a life unseen ?

And *that* more awful than the outer sense
 Can shape, or recognize by reaching words.
 WITHIN is life !—the TRINITY come there
 To bless or blast, as we their own become
 By likeness ; or satanical by sin ;
 But life exterior, with its painted shows,
 And all its multiplex array of scenes
 By conduct acted or experience tried,—
 Is like the ripple seen on ocean's face ;
 Hiding the unregarded deeps below,
 And tempting gazers to discern no more.

Then lift your heads, ye everlasting doors !
 And be ye open, O eternal gates !
 That, in the chariot of descending grace
 Borne by HIS SPIRIT down to hearts that pray,—
 The KING OF GLORY with His train of truths
 Begirt, may come, and find due welcome there.
 England ! be grateful ; for a scene that melts
 The soul to thoughts, whose dialect is tears,
 Around us opens with expansive range !
 Uncounted steeples now to heaven uplift
 Their chimes, and swell the wafting air with
 tones
 That rise and fall, like undulating waves
 In volumed cadence heaved upon the shore ;
 But, touching are they !—for the tombs of mind

Open amid them, as they peal or pause ;
 While buried hopes, and forms, and feelings dead
 Quicken beneath their resurrection-tones
 Mysterious. But, far beyond the gaze
 Of earth to witness, will those gather'd souls
 Who meet to worship with commingled awe
 The GOD INCARNATE,—to the angels bright
 This morn discover ; when the piercing truth
 Enters their spirit with irradiant power,
 And bares the bosom of the soul, to light !
 For hearts to them, are like transparent hives,
 Whose hidden workings are conspicuous made
 And watch'd, for ever.—Yes, the Sabbath gives
 Wisdom to angels ; while they bend to see
 How nature struggles, as the SPIRIT acts,
 Revives our graces, or rebukes our sins ;
 Or, drags the guilty to that secret bar,
 That strange tribunal which ourselves erect,
 And cannot vanquish. 'Tis indeed a day
 When most of God, and most of man evolves.
 What faint expressions of the forming Christ
 Feature our hearts with elemental love,—
 This do they watch, and with concernment
 trace :
 They love to *think* where infidels would *sneer*,
 And learn divinity by reading man.

But, though some emanated charms there be,
 Sent from the Sabbath, which no eye discerns
 Profoundly, as consummate angels can,
 Haunting our temple with their wings unheard
 And eyes unwitness'd ;—yet, enough remains
 To prove a magic clothes this holy morn
 Beyond all others, beautiful and deep.
 And now, methinks that potency begins !
 Open the heavens, and drop their sacred dew,
 Distilling balm, and blessedness and love.
 Whether to yon cathedral, with its form
 August, and massive elegance of towers
 Serenely rising in the radiant air,
 Your fancy wander ; and awhile enjoy
 The wave-like rollings of the organ-peals,
 Bursting, and booming down the arched aisles,
 And hollow naves,—while choir, and chanted
 rites,

And vested priesthood in their pure array,
 Ensoul with awful loveliness the scene.—
 Or rather, if to some Arcadian haunt
 Where rustic manners in ancestral stamp
 Are yet embalm'd—you turn your roving eye ;
 To view the patriarchs of some village throng
 Hie to their minster, with its gothic porch
 And ivied windows, 'mid encircling yews
 Embosom'd dimly ;—yet in each alike,

How much of all the REFORMATION brought
Of peace and purity, may feeling trace !

But where yon palaces of commerce lift
Their dusky, dim, and many window'd piles,
'Mid roar of capitals, or cities vast,
How does the day on which MESSIAH rose,
Check the loud wheels, and hush the grating jars
And vexing hum of avarice, and gain ;
That care-worn artizans, with pallid cheeks,
And all the wasted family of toil,
Each with his little one,—awhile may feel
That men are *more* than rational machines
For shaping matter, or absorbing food !
And on their foreheads see a title-page,
An imprimatur of immortal life.—
So on this day, (by Heaven's ordaining law
Rank'd in the rubric of perpetual grace,)
They all may learn their brotherhood, in God.
There, as they group beneath the Bible's wing ;
And, though the centralizing love of Christ
The level glory of our nature reach
Together,—who can tell what sweet content,
What calm submission to their clouded lot,
With all the heart-burns which their toil-worn
lives
Experience ever, from *that* moment flows !

Here all are equal ; in the bond of flesh,
The ties of nature, and in guilt with God :
Here, crowns and coronets, and truncheons drop
To nothing ; king and subject share alike ;
And in thy royalties, redeeming Love !
A prince may falter, where a peasant lifts
His plea ; while in the poor man's eye may shine
A tear of rapture, kingdoms could not raise,
Nor, all that earth's diameter contains
Purchase the peace his hallow'd conscience hath !

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

MORNING.

THE Sun is seated on his ocean throne,
 Attended by a court of clouds. Around,
 And midway, rosy phantoms form and swell,
 Advance, and, like battalions in array,
 Mingle their pomp, and make a shining plain
 Of crimson on the skies.

Beneath, the waves,
 Shiv'ring and gleamy, lie like ruffled scales
 Of liquid steel : and, lo ! awaking now,
 With the white dew of slumber on her breast,
 The Earth ! all fragrant, fresh in living green,
 And beautiful, as if this moment sprung
 From out her Maker's hand. Athwart the trees
 A twinkling lustre shines ; where matin beads,
 With gems of light, have jewell'd all the boughs,

And here and there some crisp'd and glossy
stream,
Lit by a peeping ray, laughs through the leaves.

The flowers are waking too, and ope their eyes
To greet the prying sun, while meads and dales
With hoary incense steam ; and list ! there floats
A buzz of life : myriads of insects now
Creep from their green-wood caves and mossy
domes,
And wind their way, to glitter in the sun ;
While from yon hurdled hills the sheep-bells shake
Their tinkling echoes down the bushy dale.

And is creation's heir, in slumb'rous calm,
Unmindful of the morn ? Ah ! no : its beam
Hath glanced upon the cottager's clean couch,
And call'd him up. And see !—the lattice oped,
He spies along the landscape's glitt'ring view,
And looks to heaven, and feels the toying breeze
Upheave his locks ; and then angelic thoughts
Gush through his soul ; instinctively he owns
The gloriousness of God, and sends his heart
To Him, upon a sigh of artless love
And praise, because another day is born.

N O O N.

THE Sun hath wax'd into his noon-tide wrath,
And 'fore his countenance the Earth lies scorch'd
In agonies of heat ! The winds are dead !
The shallow lakes are film'd, and fetid pools
Bubble upon the parched grounds ; while flies
And insects, on the tumours of hot mud,
Basking and buzzing creep. The trees stand still
Amid the air, and at their matted trunks
The ploughman lies, his head upon his palms,
While 'tween the spangled leaves, the sheen of heaven
Gleams on him beauteously. The flowers are droop'd
As if they languish'd for a breezy draught ;
And e'en the flirting bee, now honey-cloy'd,
Is humming languid on the rose's brim !
The world grows faint, and all is stirless, save
Yon sky-bird travelling to the sun ; and hark !
Wing pois'd, he peers undazzled at the blaze,
Hymning his heart-full of aërial strains.
Beneath this berried cliff, behold the sea
Magnificently spread ! The billows pant,
And revel in the beams that crest and crown

Their heads with glassy brightness ; or adorn
The dimpling bosom of the calmer deep,
And gambol to the shore.

But, far beyond,
Behold a rock majestically rear'd ;
Upon whose brow the eagle sits at noon,
Rolling his eye-balls at the blazing sun !
High on the yellow beach its hoary side
Is bared unto the ocean, and the breeze
Upwafted,—like a light and stately sail,
When whitening in the glow of heaven. And look !
The feathery forms of far-off sails are seen,
Alone upon the billows ; or as clouds
Dropp'd down upon the deep, and dancing wide
O'er the blue water's ever-heaving breast.

N I G H T.

ANOTHER day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo ! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure mead of heaven. And, oh ! how charm'd
Beneath her loveliness creation looks ;

Far-gleaming hills, and light-inweaving streams,
And fragrant boughs with dewy lustre clothed,
And green-hair'd valleys, all in glory dress'd,
Make up the pageantries of Night. One glance
Upon old Ocean, where the woven beams
Have braided her dark waves. Their roar is hush'd !
Her billowy wings are folded up to rest ;
Till once again the wizard winds shall yell,
And tear them into strife.

A lone owl's hoot—

The waterfall's faint drip,—or insect stir
Among the emerald leaves,—or infant wind
Rifling the pearly lips of sleeping flowers,—
Alone disturb the stillness of the scene.

Spirit of All ! as up yon star-hung deep
Of air, the eye and heart together mount,
Man's immortality within him speaks
That Thou art all around ! thy beauty walks
In airy music o'er the midnight heavens ;
Thy glory garmenteth the slumbering world.

THE END.

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